

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

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Pro football: **SHOWDOWN WEEK**

Africa: **EMERGING NOW**

Yevtushenko: **A POET'S VIEW**

Goren: **A NEW QUIZ**

Jim Ryun: **SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR**





Coca-Cola

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CHRISTMAS
WITHOUT
COCA-COLA?

BAH, HUMBUG!

How to buy a perfume

by Christian Dior

It's easy, of course. You just tell the salesgirl what you want and charge it, please.

But if you're not sure what you want—or if you're ready to try something new—here are a few suggestions.

Be sure that you test the new perfume by spraying it. Ask the salesperson to spray a little in the air near you to see if you like it. If it appeals to you, then spray your forearm. Don't rub it. That changes the fragrance.

but never!

Incidentally, never test a perfume by sniffing the top of the tester bottle. That perfume is almost certainly rancid.

And don't try out a perfume by dabbing it on your arm. You'll get a heavy concentration in one spot—not at all like the true fragrance.

give it time

If you like the spray effect, go ahead and buy the perfume. If you're uncertain about it, give it 15 or 20 minutes to develop. Go buy some new stockings. But save some money because you may find that the perfume you're testing is just what you want when it has reached full bloom.

Now it's a question of what size to buy.

Don't buy too large a bottle.

like fine wine

Not just because you want to be sure your husband approves of your choice but because you should always buy perfume in small quantities. Perfume, like wine, changes once the bottle is open. So buy a smallish bottle and use it up quickly. If you happen to have several bottles, store the reserve in a dark place and away from heat.

don't dab

A great deal has been said about how to wear perfume. Most of what has been said is nonsense. Perfume should not be dabbed behind the ears or rubbed on the pulse spots. It should be sprayed with an atomizer. The gentle mist of a spray is more effective than a dab on the wrist, more economical and more appreciated by your admirers.

Today it's no longer necessary to transfer perfume to a special atomizer before spraying. Some of the world's finest perfumes are available in atomizers and you can spray from the original bottle.

Furthermore the new spray atomizers are completely air-tight and leak-proof down to the last drop. Sprays are small enough to carry in your handbag, too, so you can renew your perfume conveniently every 3 or 4 hours. Naturally, atomizers are ideal for traveling.

always on stage

How much perfume should you put on?

Just enough to prove that you're both a woman and a lady. Perfume should attract; too much can repel. It should be a subtle suggestion, not an open invitation.

"subtle" is the word

And wear perfume regularly as you do lipstick—as an essential part of good grooming.

There are many fine perfumes available. Most of the best are made in France, of course. At least a few of these will be right for you. Just take the time to select carefully.

And there's one name in the perfume field you can always count on—Christian Dior. You can almost surely find a Dior perfume to suit any mood—

Miss Dior, Diorane, Diorama, Diorling
all different, all modern and all now available in spray perfume atomizers.





YOU CAN TELL CHRISTMAS is near when our Decorations Committee gets busy. We always look forward to this happy season here in the Hollow. And we hope your holidays will be happy too.



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Contents

DECEMBER 19, 1966 Volume 25, No. 25

Cover photograph by Rick Clarkson

34 The \$1,000,000 Fumble

It assured Green Bay's Western title and launched the Packers toward unprecedented postseason loot

40 Two Were Twice as Good

A pair of high rollers gave it a try, but Nicklaus and Palmer proved unbeatable in golf's richest tournament

42 The Biggest Bruin Had Friends

UCLA's Len Alexander was as good as his notices. So were his teammates, as Duke learned to its sorrow

46 Sportsman of the Year

Five men excelled in 1966, and one of them—the youngest—stood above the rest

Sport in Emerging Africa

- 56 *An era of awakening to the world of athletics*
- 58 *A first look at sport in Africa. 20 pages of photographs*
- 78 *A coach who has made recordholders of Kenya tribesmen*

88 Never to Be the Same

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1966 Silver Anniversary All-America Awards go to 26 who played on the eve of war

98 Mr. Goren's Holiday Quiz

To counteract a trend toward bolderness, the master of the game tests your ability to play it safe

104 A Poet Against the Destroyers

Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Russia's most celebrated literary figure, writes a memorable essay on sport and sportswomen

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| 25 Scorecard | 131 For the Record |
| 86 Sporting Look | 132 Basketball's Week |
| 98 Bridge | 134 19th Hole |



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Credits on page 121

Next issue

THE BOWL SEASON is back, and the Sugar, with Alabama-Nbraska, leads the parade. Scouting reports on the big games plus a comprehensive review of the season by Dan Jenkins.

THE PHILADELPHIA TEERS enter '67 as the new team to beat in Boston's old league. A look at a squad of raw power, and at Coach Alex Hannerson, who gave the Teers a new spirit.

LIKE CHRISTMAS TOYS, the electronic gadgetry of modern yachting will soon be beckoning at the boat show. Artist Donald Moss provides a vivid sampling in full-color detail.

1



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BOOKTALK

Some fancy New York hustle and some plain truths about Maine's outdoors

In 1961 Jackie Gleason played the role of Minnesota Fats in a movie, *The Hustler*, that drew heavily on the character of Rudolph Walter Wanderone Jr., generally known as New York Fats, though sometimes as Chicago Fats and Omaha Fats. Wanderone sued, unsuccessfully, but now he has attained his revenge. New York Fats has become Minnesota Fats.

This transformation is attested in a new book, *The Book Sitt and Other Great Hustlers*, by Minnesota Fats with Tom Fox (World Publishing Co., \$5.95). The author is good old New York, Omaha and Chicago Fats Wanderone (his collaborator is, was and always has been Tom Fox, a talented Philadelphia journalist who covered the first Johnson City, Ill. pool hustlers' tournament for SI).

Although the Fat Man says he has been a hustler since the age of 6, there is no paragraph in the book on how to hustle. This, he explains, is because hustling is a personal business, not confined to pool halls. (Fats thinks stockbrokers are the greatest hustlers of all.)

The first part of Fats's book is marred by interminable repetitions of his own pet slogan: everything is a million times, and every time he was a lot of money, which is often, he shouts out the lights. If Fats is to be believed, and throughout the book he gives repeated assurances that his narrative is "on the square," his life from boyhood through his recent retirement from the active pool hustler's career was a steady run of good times, hard shooting, prodigious eating, losing craps and a lot of fun all along the line.

Fats drops names like balls in the right pocket of his favorite game, "one pocket." They are all there: Titanic Thompson, the greatest hustler of all time; Johnny Carson, whom Fats once squarely hustled on national television; and many other show-business figures, as well as some pool hall inhabitants with names like Wayne Keane, Boston Shorty, Daddy Warbucks and Tuscaloosa Squirrelly.

Wanderone says that at an early stage of his career he was called Double-Smart Fats and sometimes even Triple-Smart Fats, the supreme accolade. He complains that after he became famous he had to give tremendous odds to get any action going, but once under way, he always "shot out the lights."

After the garrulous early chapters, Fats tightens up his prose considerably to present a first-rate primer on billiards. Beginning with fundamentals ("The tip of your nose should be in a straight line with the cue and the cue ball"), Fats proceeds through

continued

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man a man
if he reads
January
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?**



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BOOKTALK continued

the intricacies of English, bank shots, combinations and kisses with the aid of clear and clever diagrams. In all, this book would make a fine addition to the library of any pool fan—he be penguin, shooter, hustler or just plain spectator.

—JOHN F. MURPHY

In 1949 a candy manufacturer died in Portland, Me., leaving behind a large collection of cheap copybooks in which he had noted every item of interest encountered during more than 30 years of hunting and fishing, bird watching and rock collecting, "peeping and botanizing," in many parts of the state. The mound of copybooks weighed more than 200 pounds, indicating that both his interests and his powers of observation were substantial.

After years of devoted labor by his friends, the essence of Herbert M. W. Haven's diaries has been published in a little paperback volume called *Tales of a Homestead Naturalist*. (It may be ordered for \$2.95 from the Winthrop Mineral Shop, Route 2, Winthrop, Me. 04364.) It is a curious collection of facts, hearsay and observation. In the 99% of the diaries left unpublished, the editors suggest, there are enough detailed local lines of birds and plants to be of some scientific value. But these, it is claimed, "are dull reading for too many people. It is necessary to stress the items of human interest at the cost of the strictly scientific."

So, instead of being filed away in the archives of some obscure learned society, a part of Haven's diaries has been opened to the world. The world appreciates a man who walks about it with his eyes wide open. Haven even recorded signs that met his eye along the way, as this one in front of a hotel did, "51 for strangers, 51.50 for old customers." If he is an amateur naturalist, so much the better. From the "parochial history" of Gilbert White (a curate) to that account of housekeeping on Walden Pond by Thoreau to general manufacturer's readers have treasured natural histories which somehow prove too broad to slide into the tomb of a researcher's filing drawer.

Haven's curiosity never flags. He reports that "Judge McLoughlin counted 3160 calls of a Whig-poor-will the other night." He records the going price for fox and raccoon skins, as well as the habits of the razor clam and the technique of fishing for snails. There are, as in every interesting diary, bits of gossip: "Old Chief Metallus's wife died during the winter. They claim that he smoked her over a fire and kept her until spring."

If he came across neither the meanness nor the sublimity which Thoreau sought in the woods, Herb Haven found in the Maine outdoors "pasture enough" for his imagination. And perhaps, like White, he has induced his readers "to pay more ready attention to the wonders of the Creation."

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"Taxpayer, unhinged, demanded Village Council remove swans from pond. Community rift developed. Coffee parties divided. Car pools suffered.

"Swans continued residence in pond, apparently enjoying publicity and extra bread crumbs.

"Council met, pondered, decided in favor of swans, but sagely insisted on Swan Liability Coverage for village. Hard to get. Didn't exist. Two insurance companies laughed at request.

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NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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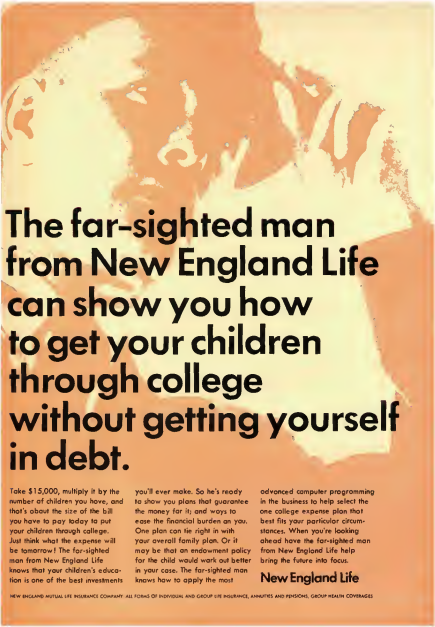
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SCORECARD

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

The fact that the University of Mississippi has canceled two freshman basketball games with Vanderbilt is ordinarily not cause for national concern. However, this year the Vanderbilt freshman team includes Godfrey Dillard and Perry Wallace (SI, May 16), the first Negroes to get basketball grants-in-aid in the SEC.

The two games, which were to have been preliminary to home-and-home varsity games, were arranged last spring by means of a gentlemen's agreement between Coach Roy Skinner of Vandy and Coach Eddie Crawford of Ole Miss. This fall Crawford backed out, pleading "schedule conflicts." The conflicts, it seems, were of Crawford's own making, although he may only have done what he was told. On January 14 the two teams were to have met in Oxford, Miss., but Ole Miss's opponent on that date is now John C. Calhoun State Junior College of Decatur, Ala. The second game, scheduled for February 11 at Nashville, will not be played because, Crawford explains, his freshmen will be unable to make the 240-mile trip "on account of school work." Instead they will meet Clarke Memorial College at Newton, Miss., which is 175 miles distant.

Both Coach Crawford and Tad Smith, Ole Miss's athletic director, deny that Dillard and Wallace had any bearing on the rescheduling. Coach Skinner is reversing judgment, but he's unhappy to have lost the games, if for no other reason than that Wallace will have two less chances to show his stuff, and Wallace, who is 6 feet 5, looks like he's going to be a good one. In his first five games he has averaged 20.6 points, 24.8 rebounds and has shot 47.1% from the floor.

FALL TONIC

Florida's Orange Bowl-bound Gators came up with two solutions for winning football this season: Steve Spurrier and Gatorade, a beverage cooked up by Dr. Robert Cade, a University of Florida physician, to replace body fluids lost during practices and games. Dr. Cade had found that players lose 2.5 to 4.2

liters of perspiration in a normal practice—or as much as nine pounds per player.

Indeed, Florida had only one bad second half against Georgia at Jacksonville. Gatorade, which is mint-flavored and contains half a dozen ingredients including salt and potassium, can't be faulted, however. A truck carrying 26 gallons of the stuff from Gainesville was stolen before game time.

... FOR THE GREATEST NUMBER

A year ago the U.S. Forest Service awarded Walt Disney Productions the rights to develop California's Mineral King Valley as a \$35 million ski resort and recreational area, complete with one chapel, 30 restaurants, 14 lifts, 7,200 beds and no cars—the parking lot would be adjacent to the valley. However, since Mineral King is bounded on three sides by Sequoia National Park, its development is contingent upon getting the permission of the National Park Service to build an all-weather access highway across park land. At hearings held in Fresno last month, the Sierra Club argued that the two-mile corridor required for the highway should be made part of a new wilderness area. "This fragile, narrow valley can't stand the impact of 2.5 million visitors a year," testified Michael McCloskey, the club's conservation director. "The Park Service should not aid and abet the destruction of this valley with a mountain Disneyland."

Although we are among the most fervent supporters of the Sierra Club, in this instance we feel they are protesting mostly as a matter of principle, and that their rhetoric is not wholly justified by the facts. The demand for more recreational facilities for California's growing population cannot be ignored, and Mineral King, which is ideal for skiing, is only 228 miles from Los Angeles, 142 miles closer than Mammoth Mountain, now the nearest major ski area.

And although some of Disney's productions do not happen to suit our taste, it is unreasonable to characterize him as a wanton defiler of nature. "When I first saw Mineral King," Disney

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

has said, "I thought it was one of the most beautiful places in the world, and we want to keep it that way. It is going to be even more attractive and accessible, so that more people will enjoy its beauty. This will be a recreation project, not an entertainment center."

SY'S SWEET SOMETHING

We have long been awestruck by the contortions press agents go through to get a mention for their clients, but the following release, which was batted out by a PR man name of Sy Presten, nearly struck us dumb:

"Greek athletes carrying flaming torches 2,000 years ago were dispatched by Royalty to carry messages and gifts of perfume hundreds of miles to their Royal sweethearts. For the chore they had to train hard. Now on the double millennium anniversary, most athletes are still training hard. . . .

"In order for athletes to cut down on their romancing time, a new service has been created. It saves hours of whispering sweet nothings, thinking of clever ways to make up after an argument, or contriving explanations of why they sign autographs for gorgeous, blue-eyed blondes. They can now spend more time and effort on their career.

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THE RED SHIRTS ARE COMING (CONT.)

The first NFL-AFL draft, which will be held next month, would make a capital editorial cartoon for *The Worker*: fat, cigar-smoking owners rolling on feed sacks stuffed with money, imperiously showing the poor, downtrodden college boys where to play with one ringed hand, while dispensing small change with the other. Of course, despite the merger and the common draft, pro football isn't about to become a sweatshop. Good players will still command \$100,000 and up, but the days of extravagant bonuses are over, and owners who have been in the hole should start making a profit.

But not so fast already. The red shirts drafted last year still have to be dealt with (SI, Oct. 31). And just how much

continued



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of a headache these hangovers will bring was not realized until recently. The owners knew they were going to have to go high for the Nick Eddys, Pete Duranikos and Jack Clancys, but now they've learned that the price tags on the 54 red shirts drafted by both leagues may well be in a class with the bonuses paid Donny Anderson, Jim Grabowski and Joe Namath.

For instance, Bob Windsor—you know, Bob Windsor, 218-pound end from Kentucky—is reported to have agreed to a \$250,000 contract with the 49ers. And one red-shirt quarterback, who is equally unsung but whose stats are impressive, could end up with more money than Steve Spurrier. Says the red shirt's lawyer: "I may just put my client up on a box after the East-West game, and invite the NFL team, the AFL team and the Canadian team which own the draft rights to look him over and bid. 'Look at that strong, supple arm,' I'll say. 'Those good, quick legs, that noble, intelligent brow. Note that there's not a surgical mark on his body. Now, gentlemen, let's begin this auction—and we'll try \$300,000 for openers.'"

THE ART IN IT

"We usually chase a blonde named Paddy Earl," says William Allen, with great relish. "They go better, and we go better." Allen, who resides in Warwickshire, England, is master of the Wootton Hall bloodhounds—the aforementioned "they"—and a proponent of a burgeoning sport in Britain, namely hunting human beings rather than foxes. Naturally, the League Against Cruel Sports is delighted with the substitution and, according to one gentleman whose daughter had heretofore hunted foxes, "It's certainly better than coffee bars, isn't it? That's where the rot sets in, let's face it."

The bloodhounds comprising the four packs now hunting in Britain are not of the type seen at dog shows; the large head and heavy bones have been bred out, so that the dogs more resemble the black-and-tan St. Hubert hounds, which accompanied William the Conqueror. Moreover, bloodhounds such as Allen's are so fast that a galloping horse cannot keep up with them after a mile.

Allen generally hunts Miss Earl, an office worker, or Garth Caddock, a stable boy in his employ, or eager members of a local cross-country club. "I like it," says Garth. "I must have been hunted a thousand times. You get used to fooling

continued

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them turning sudden right angles as you run, wading through pools, jumping ditches, walking straight through cow dung. There's an art to it."

Allen is likewise fascinated by the nature of scent, albeit which Mr. Jorrocks, the fictional English fox hunter, observed there "is nothing runner except a woman." Allen daily measures ground and air temperatures, wind velocity and humidity and is becoming convinced that there is no such thing as scent, or, at least, scent is not what the hounds actually follow. Allen believes that their tracking ability may instead have something to do with "a positive magnetic field or a negative one, or vibration." He points out that not long ago his hounds successfully followed Garth despite the fact that he donned new rubber boots a mile from the start, did a mile on them and then changed back to his shoes. To Allen, this fact plus others, such as being able to follow a right-angled track through water, is quite convincing proof.

Whatever the case, Allen knows that if the air temperature is two or three degrees above the ground temperature, there is always a terrific "scent" and he is in for a "scenting hunt." This, he adds, is a fox-hunting term and is not meant to denote in any way the possible reaction of the quarry. As Garth says, "You get bitten now and again, but only by accident."

THEY SAID IT

- Darrell Royal, Texas football coach, asked if the abnormal number of Longhorn injuries this season resulted from poor physical conditioning. "One player was lost because he broke his nose. How do you go about getting a nose in condition for football?"
- Vince Lombardi, Green Bay coach, behind 10-7 and needing a tie with Baltimore to clinch the NFL's Western Division title, asked if he wanted to try for a field goal, since the Packers were on the Colts' 23-yard line. "Hell, no. We're not looking to be No. 1. We're in this business for only one thing—to win."
- Ni Chah-chun, Red Chinese high jumper, after clearing 7 feet 5½ (a quarter of an inch off Valeri Brumel's world record) at the Games of the New Emerging Forces in Cambodia, "If my legs were as high as the thoughts of Chairman Mao, they would need a fireman's ladder to measure the crowbar."

END

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Sports Illustrated
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THE \$1,000,000

Waving the ball in front of him, Willis slips past clutching Great Bay Noemen and takes off for the goal, 15 yards away. But a slaming tackle



FUMBLE

Drenched and desperate, Green Bay retreated before an inspired Colt drive. Then Johnny Unitas lost the football and suddenly the Packers were in line for the richest payoff in pro history. Now all they have to do is wait for the Cowboys—or someone—to win the race in the East

CONTINUED

from behind by the Packers' Willie Davis sends the football squirting away and with it the last of Baltimore's flickering title hopes





ROUGH JOURNEY TO A SHOWDOWN WITH THE PACK

by **TEX MAULE**

For 10 plays and 80 yards across the mud of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium last Saturday, the Green Bay Packers looked like a million dollars. In fact, the touchdown that put a period to this meticulous composition and beat the Baltimore Colts 14-10 to give the Packers the NFL's Western Division championship may well have been worth that amount to the team.

The Packers will play either Dallas or St. Louis for the league championship, probably the Cowboys. Despite their loss to Washington on Sunday, the Cowboys need only to beat or tie the footless New York Giants this Sunday to win in the East. The Packers should meet Dallas for the NFL championship on January 1 in the Cotton Bowl. Then, in the Los Angeles Coliseum, the Packers will meet the champion of the American Football League in the supergame. The winning team's share of this double bonanza—some \$23,000 per player for 42 shares—will fall only a little short of that \$1 million figure.

This reasoning, of course, assumes that Green Bay will win the NFL championship, a task likely to be harder than defeating the AFL champion in Los Angeles. Even so, in their victory over the Colts in Baltimore, the Packers demonstrated rather clearly why they must be selected to go all the way.

The Packers are surely the best team in depth in football today. Against an excellent Baltimore team that reached its peak of the year, the Packers won with some of their outstanding players out for all or part of the game.

Bart Starr, their impeccable quarterback, suffered a muscle spasm in his back and spent the second half conferring with the Green Bay scouts in the press box and advising Zeke Bratkowski, his replacement, on the sidelines. Fuzzy Thurston, who teams with Jerry Kramer to give Green Bay the best tandem of guards in the league, was replaced by Gale Gillingham, a rookie. For a considerable part of the game Bob Jeter, a regular

corner back, was out of action after a shattering head-on tackle of Tom Matte in the second period, and his place was taken by Doug Hart. And Boyd Dowler, one of the key receivers in the Green Bay short-haul attack, was replaced by veteran Max McGee after he developed a flat wheel in the second quarter.

The loss of a starting quarterback, guard, receiver and corner back in a game as tightly played as this could easily have destroyed a lesser team than Green Bay, but consider what the Packers replacements did:

Hart and Gillingham gave the Packers better-than-adequate performances. The 34-year-old Bratkowski, playing all of the second half, actually did a better job than Starr had done in the first two quarters. Starr, under the savage pressure of a keyed-up Baltimore line and the hard rush of blazing linebackers, completed seven of 15 passes for 96 yards; in his stint, Bratkowski, in a steady rain and on a field that became a mire during the second half, hit five of eight for 87 yards.

More important, Bratkowski directed the 80-yard touchdown drive in the fourth period that brought Green Bay its victory. The key play in this careful, thoughtful march was a 21-yard pass on third and seven from the Baltimore 25-yard line, and the pass was caught by Dowler's replacement, McGee. The pass epitomized the poise and maturity of the Packers team, which extend beyond the first-line players to their substitutes.

Bratkowski, who spends so much time with Starr that he has come to think like him, called an audible at the line of scrimmage when the Colts made a late change in their defense. On the snap of the ball the Colts changed again and McGee, a veteran of 11 years, broke his normal pattern to avoid the strength of the new defense. He was to have run a square-out to the sideline, designed to gain eight or 10 yards, just enough for the first down.

Instead, exercising an option given all

Packer receivers against the fluid defenses they have faced this year, he broke deep over the center. Only an experienced quarterback can react to such a shift in a receiver's pattern; Bratkowski, backpedaling furiously under the threat of a Baltimore blitz, read McGee's move perfectly and hit him with the smallest of split seconds to spare—McGee was between two fast-closing defenders—on the Baltimore four. Eliah Pitts (who, incidentally, began this season as Paul Hornung's substitute) got the winning touchdown two plays later with a run over right guard.

In an equivalent situation the Dallas Cowboys would have had Craig Morton or Jerry Rhyme at quarterback, and the Cardinals would have had the man who replaces Terry Nofsinger, whoever he is. Since Starr rates well above either Nofsinger or Don Meredith as a No. 1 quarterback and Bratkowski above the No. 2s, it is clear that, at the position most important in any game—and crucial in a championship game—the Packers are much better equipped than either of their possible opponents. Even after the Pits run the Colts might have won, but a gallant drive ended when Johnny Unitas fumbled at the Packer 15. The point is not that Baltimore made a mistake; it is that Green Bay did not.

Elsewhere—aside from the asset of first-quality depth—Green Bay's superiority is not so clear-cut. On defense, there is actually little to choose between the three teams, except that the Cowboys have a soft spot in their secondary. The defenses are completely different, but each, in its way, is superb.

Of course, the key to victory in the championship game lies in the capabilities of the Green Bay offense against either of the two defenses—and what the St. Louis or Dallas offenses can accomplish against the blooded, orthodox Green Bay defense.

If the NFL championship is fought out in the Cotton Bowl, the Packers will be meeting a team that defeated them 21-3.

continued

Popping through Washington line, Cowboys' Don Perkins sheds tacklers for the kind of gain that could annoy Green Bay in championship game.

in a preseason game there. With a healthy Meredith, the Cowboys would certainly be a more formidable foe than St. Louis, both because they have a better assortment of weapons on offense than St. Louis and a defense better suited to blunt the Green Bay attack.

Dallas' most frightening single gun is Bob Hayes. If the Packers can prevent him from catching the bomb or contain his speed after short receptions, then they must win. They will very likely do this by using a zone defense, giving Herb Adderley or Bob Jeter deep help covering Hayes. This means that they probably will have to use single coverage on the side of the field where Hayes isn't, but then no team is better than Green Bay in man-to-man pass defense. A plus for the Packers here is that the three big linebackers—Dave Robinson, Lee Roy Caffey and Ray Nitschke—are the best in football in single coverage on a back, and the defensive line, consisting of Lionel Aldridge, Ron Kostelnik, Henry Jordan and Willie Davis, has proved that it can penetrate deeply enough to pressure a passer without the aid of blitzing linebackers.

Do not be fooled by the fact that the

Colt offensive line contained them Sunday. No defensive line alone can pressure a quarterback of Unitas' caliber on unsure footing, and the young Dallas blockers should have more trouble than did the veteran Colts with the wily charges of players like Jordan and Davis.

The Cowboys have used their running attack effectively this season, with both Don Perkins and Dan Reeves plowing for useful gains as an adjunct to Meredith's high-scoring passing attack. It is likely that Perkins and Reeves will be effective against the Packers, too, but it is not likely that Dallas can win on the ground. Green Bay has given up only 118 yards rushing per game and the fewest touchdowns rushing of any team—a total of nine. The rushing gains against the Packers are not long ones, because of the speed and tackling ability of the Green Bay secondary, and they are usually measured in inches when the secondary closes up against the linebackers as an opponent penetrates the Packer 20-yard line.

But defense is not a monopoly. The Packers will have no easy path to follow through a Dallas team that has limited them to 16 points in the last two

games they have played. Green Bay won a regular-season game last year 13-3 before losing the 21-3 exhibition this year. The Cowboys are better equipped than any other club to negate the brutal Green Bay running attack, because they expose little daylight to run to. Tom Landry's unusual area plan, in which individual players are expected to create walls of defense rather than operate on individual preferences, has limited opponents to fewer than 100 yards per game rushing and will not be easily cracked by Jim Taylor or Pitts.

Green Bay's philosophy of option blocking—blocking an opponent in the direction in which he is moving, then allowing the running back to seek his own hole—is not as effective when the defender is moving to occupy a preset position as it is when he is moving instinctively with the flow of the play. Of course, Green Bay Coach Vince Lombardi recognizes this, as does Landry, so it is probable that there will be subtle changes in the Packer blocking assignments. With the experienced blockers in the Packer line, these changes can be implemented without fear of mental error during a tense game.

MAN-TO-MAN WARFARE THAT COULD DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP



Dallas gains if Bob Hayes can win here—heard recess with Packer Corner Back Herb Adderley.

Computer-precise Bart Starr leads all passers, rarely errs. Cowboys' Don Meredith likes to rocket bombs but is sometimes burned.

The Cowboy defense line is a grudging one, combining extraordinary mobility in All-Pro Tackle Bob Lilly and rookie End Willie Townes with solid execution from Jim Colvin and George Andrie. But it lacks the experience of the Green Bay offensive line.

The championship game may well boil down to how successfully Bart Starr can discover exploitable seams in the Dallas pass defense. Cornell Green, who has developed from a college basketball player into the best corner back in the Eastern Division, will have to handle Boyd Dowler. Warren Livingston must stop Bob Long or Max McGee, and Mike Gaechter will be giving away a good deal of height and weight to Marv Fleming, the massive Green Bay tight end. In Mel Renfro the Cowboys have a free safety to match Willie Wood.

As Sonny Jurgensen and the Washington Redskins demonstrated so clearly last Sunday, the soft spot in the Dallas defense is Livingston, one of the few players who came into the league with the original Cowboys in 1960. In the Redskins' 34-31 victory over Dallas, Jurgensen threw at Livingston time and again in situations where he needed a first down

or a touchdown, and time and again either Bobby Mitchell or Charley Taylor left Livingston hanging helplessly in midair after they had made their passes.

The Cowboys also underlined the deficiency they must suffer should Meredith be injured. After Don was blitzed hard early in the third quarter, Landry went to Rhyme and Morton, shuffling his substitute quarterbacks as he did a few years ago, and they seemed fairly effective. But they did not approach the élan and poise of Bratkowski. With a flawed defense and no effective help behind the injury-susceptible Meredith, the Cowboys have only a slim chance against Green Bay on New Year's Day.

In the most unlikely event that the Cowboys cannot manage a tie or a win against the Giants in Yankee Stadium next Sunday, and then lose a subsequent division playoff to the Cardinals, Green Bay would meet the Cards in St. Louis and would beat them.

The Cards are blessed with a wonderful hell-for-leather blitzing defense that has accounted for most of their success this season. For other teams, the blitz is a surprise thrown into a game to remind the quarterback that he does

not have all day to throw the ball. For the Cardinals, it is a way of life.

Under Nofsinger, their offense has been negligible. Most teams are willing to concede an untimed quarterback time to pass. They concentrate on stopping the running game. Nofsinger, to his credit, has improved, but for practical purposes his experience extends only over half a season. Starr is just the kind of quarterback who can take advantage of a blitzing team, and the Cardinals would be an easier opponent for Green Bay than the Cowboys. Also, Starr is well equipped to capitalize on a weakness in an opponent's secondary. Over the years, he has done this time and again, and so has Bratkowski.

The Packers will win the championship game on short, sharp passes to the backs and to Dowler. Long, McGee and Fleming, Taylor and Pits will remind the Cowboys that they cannot let their linebackers stray too far from the line of scrimmage, and, if he chooses, Starr may emulate Jurgensen and loft a long pass or two into the right side of the Cowboy secondary. Short or long, he should be successful. The Packers are old pros. They do not blow a million dollars. **END**



Kangaroo bounds of Corner Back Cornell Green may not be enough to thwart Packers' giraffe-tail end, Boyd Dowler, money man in clutch.

Lionlike Cowboy Tackle Bob Lilly might have trouble with bulldog Guard Fuzzy Thurston.

WHEN TWO WERE TWICE AS GOOD

Contending with Palmer and Nicklaus on an individual basis is difficult enough; when they teamed up with \$275,000 at stake not even a pair of low shooters from high rollers' heaven had a chance

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Unless somebody thinks of a better idea in a hurry, they should start putting weights on pro golfers the way they do on Thoroughbreds, because last week in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus won again. Competing for the richest golf purse ever offered—\$275,000—Palmer and Nicklaus formed a partnership, and their better-ball score of 32 under par for 72 holes was enough to win the PGA National Team Championship by three shots and add another \$25,000 apiece to their 1966 treasure chest.

The Palm Beach prize money brought Arnold's total winnings for the year in both official and unofficial tournaments to \$154,692.24. That is a new world record for a golfer, \$345.36 more than Nicklaus won last year, but the Nicklaus family's Christmas in Columbus need not be penurious, since Jack's check at Palm Beach brought his earnings to more than \$140,000. To keep the record in order, Bill Casper was still the leading "official" money winner with \$121,944. He did not play in the team event.

Unofficial or not, the money won on the final nine holes last Saturday afternoon was quite legitimate, even if the way it was earned was hard to believe. As they headed down that final stretch of the tournament, Palmer and Nicklaus had lost the two-stroke lead with which they had started the day. In the tournament just in front of them was the distinctive combination of Doug Sanders and Al Besselink, who had just moved ahead by a shot, thanks to four straight birdies by Besselink.

Four consecutive birdies on the East Course of the PGA National Golf Club is something to pause over. This is a golf course—one of the last designed by the late Dick Wilson, incidentally—with more trouble on it than Macbeth's witches ever conjured up. There is water to the left, water to the right and acres of gleaming white sand in between—particularly on those four holes where Besselink went birdie-mad.

To add to the wonder of it, Bessy is not a golfer you are apt to speak of in the same breath with Palmer and Nicklaus, or even with his partner, Sanders. You might say Bessy is a character who is to golf what Victor Mature is to the movies. He is rather unusual to look at, with his coiffed curls, a bit off the beaten track of conformity and more noted for his eccentricities than a technical mastery of his profession. Anyone who is anxious to improve his golf swing is advised not to study Bessy's. He does, nevertheless, know how to get the ball in the hole when the stakes are right.

Having lost their lead to Bessy's birdies, Palmer and Nicklaus suddenly came alive. There is a pride in these two athletes that far transcends their affection for the money they win. This pride started working at the 10th hole. After a fine approach shot Nicklaus birdied the hole with an eight-foot putt. The pair had to scramble for their par at the next hole, but Jack easily hurred the 5-par 12th. He birdied the 13th with a 25-foot putt, and at the 15th he hit a short iron to within three feet of the pin and sank the putt for another birdie.

Now it was Palmer's turn. He made a 20-foot putt for a birdie 2 at the 16th, hit the pin with an eagle try at the 17th and tapped in another birdie, and then dropped a completely unnecessary 15-footer on the final hole for his third birdie in a row. It was unnecessary because Arnold and Jack had overtaken Doug and Bessy and led them by two comfortable shots. The final birdie was just frosting, giving the winners a 29 for the last nine and \$25,000 each.

There was plenty of money left over for the others, though. Sanders and Besselink each got checks for \$13,500, a payday that had to be mighty pleasant for a man of Bessy's taste and hobbies. No sooner had he finished on the 72nd green than he rushed to the locker room to watch the final minutes of the Miami-VPI football game on television. Miami, Bessy's alma mater, was leading by seven

points, but it obviously was not enough on the point spread. As the referee picked up the ball and marched off a penalty against VPI, Bessy kept yelling, "Go, baby, go. I need six points so bad I can taste it." Then he asked someone to find out how the big race had gone at Tropical Park: "I got Hartack on Quinta."

As has been said more than once around the tour, Bessy has to earn a lot. The year he won the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas he is said to have put the purse-money winnings back into the casinos before the sun was down.

The partnership of Sanders and Besselink was made in heaven—a high rollers' heaven. Off the golf course and socially, Sanders has studied at the feet of the master for some years now, so it was natural that they would join forces in the only team competition on the calendar. Except for one day when he wore a red turtle-neck shirt, which he almost ruined when he had to stand practically waist-deep in water to play a shot off the shore of a lake, Bessy never tried to compete with Sanders sartorially. Doug's most notable color schemes of the week were a vivid orange on Friday and a mauve-and-violet ensemble for Saturday's climax, but the two men seemed to go together like champagne and caviar. They were-cracked through the tightest moments, even when, on the next-to-last hole on Saturday, Sanders pushed his ball into the rough. There he found a pine cone beside the ball, so he got down on all fours to remove it. The first time he raised the cone he dropped it back on the ball—without moving the ball—and cracked, "There goes that Catty Sark nerves again." The gallery loved it.

The 34 birdies, 36 pars and two bogeys that Palmer and Nicklaus shot through their 72 holes were too much. When the two best golfers in the world are teamed, there is just one way to win, as Jack Burke Jr. was pointing out when it was all over. "It's a game of birdies," he said. "Pars don't do you a bit of good,

Both partners have to be on the green and putting for birdies on every hole." Except for a few excursions into the water—Palmer hit it four times on Thursday—Arnold and Jack were always putting for those birdies.

The only exception to Burke's both-on-the-green birdie rule came on Friday, when the Cupit brothers, Jacky and Buster, had a 61, the lowest 18-hole score of the tournament. Jacky Cupit made 11 of the team's birdies and set a new individual course record of 63, despite a double-bogey 6 on the final hole.

Even an terms of today's golf purses—\$200,000 for the Carling, \$200,000 for next year's Canadian Open and \$250,000 for next year's Westchester Open—the Team Championship's \$275,000 is, as the golfers say, something else. When played last year for a mere \$425,000, the event was a big hit with the golfers, who had long wanted to put it on as their own championship, but it flopped at the cash register, so much so that the players had to contribute more than \$40,000 out of their tournament fund to make up the deficit. Instead of being dismayed, the PGA's dynamic new executive director, Robert T. Creasey, and new tournament committee chairman, Dan Sikes, decided last month to take a long-range gamble on the golf boom, the kind of forward-looking approach that had been notoriously absent in PGA thinking for 30 years. They persuaded John D. MacArthur, the real estate tycoon who built the PGA National Golf Club and the surrounding housing development, to match the \$75,000 that the tournament committee would add to the original purse of \$425,000, making the spectacular total of \$275,000. They then set about selling the event to Florida businessmen and government officials as a major attraction for the state.

The tournament did not break even this year, but everybody knew it couldn't. What it did do was establish itself as an excellent addition to the pro tour, and one with great potential. Sikes talks of it as being "like the Masters," and Creasey foresees a TV revenue of a quarter of a million dollars.

When that happens, the PGA will join Palmer and Nicklaus as big winners in the Team Championship.

END

His partner beams a worried eye as Nicklaus looms up a putt in PGA Team Championship.



THE BIGGEST BRUIN HAD FRIENDS

Low Alcindor was devastating, intimidating and more. But he was not the whole show, as Duke found out when it swarmed around the giant sophomore and all but ignored his very good UCLA teammates **by JOE JARES**



The UCLA 1966-67 basketball press booklet is a handsome little compendium filled with all pertinent information except the phone numbers of the pompon girls. For instance, it reports that the team captain in 1937 was Orv Appleby. A freshman forward named Vytas Katilius is an engineering major. Chancellor Franklin D. Murphy once did malaria research. And there is a load of facts and figures on past Bruin heroes — Don Barksdale, Willie Naulls, Walt Hazzard, Gail Goodrich. Great care went into compiling two pages of school and Pauley Pavilion records. On the blue, gold and white cover is a grainy, surrealistic photograph of senior Forward Mike Lynn pulling down a rebound. All in all, the press guide is a good introduction to the current UCLA team, the unanimous pick to win the NCAA championship. But last week, because of alternately happy and unhappy events, the booklet's record pages and cover were already obsolete, though the season has hardly begun.

In the home opener with USC, 19 records were broken as towering sophomore Low Alcindor droppled in, literally, 56 points against a man-to-man defense. Last weekend Duke's Blue Devils tried a zone defense, with two and sometimes three men surrounding Alcindor, and they were beaten by 34 points one night and 20 points the next. Alcindor, who is agile, strong and, most important, 7 feet 13½ inches tall, scored 57 points in the two games and prompted Duke Coach Vic Bubas to say, "He destroys you, that's what he does." Alcindor's junior and sophomore teammates did a good share of the destroying too.

Just how devastating the Bruins are may be understood more clearly if you

Four men, all tall themselves, could not stop the agile and aggressive Alcindor from scoring

realize they trounced a good Duke team without using two of the better forwards in the nation, Edgar Lacey and Cover Boy Mike Lynn. Lacey was the team's leading rebounder as a sophomore. Last season he missed the final seven games because of a knee injury. The knee still bothered him in the first week of practice this winter, so he will undergo corrective surgery this month and return next season. Dr. Robert Kerlan, the caretaker of Sandy Koufax's elbow and Flgin Baylor's knees, will perform the operation. Bruin Coach Johnny Wooden said Lacey was not only an exceptional rebounder but the important last man in the zone press as well.

Lynn's absence must have been harder for Wooden to take because it was so unnecessary. A few nights before the USC game, Lynn and his roommate, Larry McCollister, a former freshman player, were arrested in a West Los Angeles department store. A store detective said they had attempted to purchase phonograph records with a credit card that had been reported lost. They were hooked on suspicion of forgery, a felony, and released on \$1,000 bail each.

It was too late to erase the press booklet cover and, equally embarrassing, too late to alter a full-page feature in the USC-game program entitled, *Sportlighting UCLA's Mike Lynn*. University officials say Lynn is a good student, has never been in trouble before and, although present at the time, was not the one who tried to imitate the credit card signature. Pending a court decision in the case, the school said, he could practice with the team but could not represent UCLA in games. Even if the courts only slap Mike's wrists, he faces possible punishment from the university or its image-conscious athletic department. ("We're the last great bastion of student discipline that exists on this campus," said Athletic Director J. D. Morgan.)

The loss of Lacey and then of Lynn took muscle and valuable experience away from UCLA. Lynn is 6 feet 7, 210 pounds and an expert at tapping the ball into the basket. As Bruin shots rolled around the rim in practice last week (the few times they did not drop cleanly), one of Lynn's hands was usually poised above to nudge the ball back on course. He played on the 1964-65

Continued

Duke's swarms were equally unable to prevent high floating passes sent in to Alexander.



NCAA champion team and last season led the team in scoring and rebounding.

Lynn was in street clothes on the sidelines for the USC game, and a man from Duke was there, too, to take notes between gasps. UCLA beat a surprisingly good Trojan team by 15 points. Nobody could stop Alcindor, but then nobody could stop USC's Bill Hewitt (either the scored 39 points). "When it's man-to-man, Lew can score any time he gets the ball," said new Trojan Coach Bob Boyd. It was a nonconference game and most spectators felt USC would use more than one mere human being on Alcindor the next time the teams meet in league play. There also was a feeling that a top team (and Duke has been one for six straight years), sagging in on Alcindor and somewhat ignoring the inexperienced corner men, could beat the Bruins.

Johnny Wooden was still trying to keep down the pressure. At a luncheon he was asked if his current team compared to 1964's. "Well, I'd pick the '64 bunch without much doubt," he said, "because they were the quickest team I've ever seen or ever had." However, he did not slight Alcindor. "If he gets the ball in there, he's going to score. I don't want them to shoot from outside if they can get it in to him—never."

Duke's squad arrived a day earlier than expected. It worked out Wednesday and Thursday in Los Angeles, tried to get accustomed to the time change and toured Disneyland and Universal City. But the area's best tourist attraction was the show Duke was a part of in Pauley Pavilion, just down a gentle slope from several complexes of huge, Hilton Hotel-like dormitories. Inside the arena there were those traditionally cute pom-pom girls, dressed in lemon-yellow shoes, socks, sweaters and miniskirts and shaking large blue pom-poms. They had movie-starlet names like Laane Larkins, Candy Wilson and Linda Lockwood. The Varsity Band belted out *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *Morse*. High in two corners of the new arena were banners commemorating the school's two NCAA basketball titles. And more than 12,000 people jammed the place each night, not to mention representatives of newspapers from New York to Redondo Beach, at least three national magazines, two radio stations, one TV network and a partridge in a pale tree.

Duke started right away using a 2-3 zone defense and stayed with it. Two

guards played on either side of the top of the key. Center Mike Lewis, a 6-foot-7 junior from Missoula, Mont., who turned down UCLA to go to Duke, and one of the forwards (usually the one on the side away from the ball) stayed as close to Alcindor as his skin, flanking him under the basket with their arms held straight up as if they were being robbed by a gunman. A couple of times when Alcindor got a pass despite his shadows, a third Blue Devil would belly up to him with hands held high so that the New York giant seemed to be looking through prison bars of flesh and bone. Of course, UCLA had four other men who were not bashful about firing away and, once they adjusted to the zone, they murdered Duke.

The defense actually went pretty well in the first half, except that Mike Lewis got three fouls before he had worked up a sweat and had to be replaced. Alcindor got only 11 points that half, far fewer than his 32 points in the first half against USC, but UCLA had a comfortable 13-point lead and Duke's Bob Verga was not hitting his long-distance jump shots.

In the second half Bruin Guards Lucius Allen and Mike Warren started hitting, and UCLA raced off to a 31-point lead, egged on by a rooting section thirsty for blood. UCLA also kept its annoying zone press going throughout. When the margin got to 33, Wooden took Alcindor out. Verga never got his jump shot sighted in, and the Bruins won 88-54. Mike Lynn, sitting quietly and soberly at the scorers' table, chuckled occasionally toward the end. Alcindor had been held to 19 points, but Warren, a junior from South Bend, Ind., had 26 and Allen had 19.

Wooden was unconcerned with Alcindor's point production. "I don't know what he got and I don't care," he said. "I seriously believe Lew feels the same way." Duke's Vic Bubas gave Alcindor credit for making a "fantastic difference" in the game—drawing the full attention of two men, blocking seven shots, getting 16 rebounds and scaring off any drives to the basket. Bubas added, "Warren and Allen are as fine a guard combination as you'll find in the country."

Saturday night was a little different. All-America candidate Verga found the range for the first time this season for Duke, throwing in shots from intercontinental distances. The Blue Devils stayed in the 2-3 zone except for a brief and

disastrous attempt at a 1-3-1, but Alcindor was more aggressive and his teammates did a better job of feeding the ball up to him through the forest of arms. He made 18 of 22 field-goal attempts and two of seven free throws for 38 points, plus 22 rebounds and some blocked shots. ("The most effective word I can use about his defense is 'intimidation,'" said Bubas.)

Alcindor's teammates from last season's unbeaten freshman team were much improved over the night before. Lynn Shackelford, counted on to hit on jump shots from the corners when Alcindor was wrapped in bodies, made 10 out of 13 shots from the floor. Lucius Allen added 20 points, and Kenny Hentz, coming off the bench, played well enough to have a starting job from now on. He was the cleverest Bruin at floating in passes to Alcindor. The final score was 107-87, and long before the game was over the Bruin rooters (who used to yell, "This is our town") bellowed in unison, "This is our country." They were being cocky, not patriotic, and not one of them was worrying about Lacey and Lynn, a couple of pearls missing from a treasure chest.

So the man-to-man defense had failed miserably, and the 2-3 zone had failed miserably. Coach Bubas was asked if somewhere, maybe in tea leaves or the stars, there could be found a way to beat Alcindor, Warren, Shackelford, Allen and Hentz. He answered slowly and deliberately, and the reporters gathered around could almost feel the presence of hundreds of worried basketball coaches straining to hear.

"I suppose that if I had one game to play against them and my job depended on it," he said, "I would slow the pace way down, play a zone defense, hit 50% of the shots and hope we could do some kind of job on the boards. Basically I don't believe in that kind of basketball, but in a game where the ball is put up to the hoop many, many times, they sure do have an advantage."

Thus, the next thing UCLA probably will face is a slowdown. If that does not work, and it is not likely to in the face of Johnny Wooden's press, the Bruins might go undefeated clear into January 1968, when they have a date to meet Houston's huge, tough players in the Astrodome. That game could draw the largest college basketball crowd in history.

END

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SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Jim Ryun

In its first issue, in August 1954, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* reported the duel of the original four-minute milers, Roger Bannister and John Landy, at the British Empire Games in Vancouver. Bannister won and, at the end of 1954, was named our first Sportsman of the Year.

Now, a dozen years after Dr. Bannister, another miler succeeds to his title (see cover). Jim Ryun, only 19 (he had his seventh birthday a week before Bannister ran that four-minute mile), is the youngest person ever selected as our Sportsman, but his accomplishments and, more significantly, his attitude toward them are strikingly mature. Much was expected of Ryun after track followers became aware of him in the spring of 1963 when, as a 16-year-old high school sophomore, he ran the mile in 4:08.2. He has more than fulfilled these expectations. At 17 he became the first high school boy to break four minutes and he made the U.S. Olympic team. At 18 he defeated the redoubtable Peter Snell, then the world record holder, in a 3:55.3 mile, fastest ever run by an American. At 19 he reached the acme of achievement. On May 13, competing in a two-mile race for only the second time in his career, he did it 25.2, the third fastest two-mile ever run. On June 4 he ran the mile in 3:53.7, a tenth of a second off Michel Jazy's world record, and was startled by the time because he knew he had not nearly approached his maximum effort. On June 10 he dropped down to the half mile and set a new world record of 1:44.9. And on July 17 he broke Jazy's mile record by almost two and a half seconds when he ran 3:51.3. It was an astounding performance. If Jazy, Snell and Herb Elliott had run their world-record times in that race they would have finished between 15 and 25 yards behind young Ryun. Roger Bannister would have been 60 yards behind him.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB CLARSON

Yet, for all his signal triumphs, Ryun, like Bannister, recognizes that sport is only one aspect of life, that while the success one aims at and achieves in sport is worth the discipline and the effort and the anguish, it is not the be-all and end-all of living. There are other things to do. Bannister's prime off-track interest was—and is—medicine. Ryun's, at the moment, is photography, and he works at it professionally during the summer and in his hours off from classes at the University of Kansas. One Tuesday this past July he stood for more than two hours with other photographers in a concrete lun in the stands behind home plate in Busch Stadium in St. Louis, shooting baseball's All-Star Game in searing 105° heat. Five days later, when spectators who had been at the game were still complaining about the temperature, he ran his world-record mile.

The adulation that has come to him is no prize to Ryun. He is wary of strangers who greet him effusively, and he delights in the rare moments when he can be an anonymous face in the crowd. Ryun enjoys what he is doing for the thing itself, for the joy of it, for the satisfaction. Like Bannister or Jazy or Snell or Elliott or any of the great runners, he is familiar with the body's rebellion against agonizing usage, and familiar, too, with the discipline of the spirit and the mind. But he rejects the idea that training and competition are a kind of self-torture. Running the mile, even a world-record mile, is still basically fun. "Too much is made of the pain stuff," Ryun said last summer. "Running doesn't hurt that much. I've tried to explain to people that there is more satisfaction than pain in a hard workout, but I guess too many of them can't understand that work can be satisfying. If running hurt as much as people seem to think it does, I wouldn't go out on the track in the first place."

continued

FOUR OTHERS WHO EXCELLED

Frank Robinson

The big moment of the 1966 baseball season came at 1.05 p.m. on Wednesday, Oct. 5 at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles. There seemed to be a ho-hum attitude in the big crowd, a sense of oh well, the Dodgers will knock these Baltimore bums over in four straight and then we can get on to our other neuroses, the Rams and Lakers. When Russ Snyder walked with one out in the top of the first inning it caused not even a stir. Frank Robinson ambled slowly to the batter's box and smoothed the earth in front of the plate. Despite a year in which he had led the American League in hitting, homers and runs batted in, he received only token applause. Don Drysdale's first pitch was a ball. His second pitch was a fast ball that Robinson leaned on and drove into the 512 seats in left field. Once more Frank Robinson had produced the "first-inning lightning" for which he had become famous during the year.

The first flash of it came on March 15, when Hank Bauer wrote Robinson's name on the lineup card in right field for an exhibition game with the Washington Senators. First inning, Robby's first at bat. Whack! And the ball disappeared over the fence in left field. In Boston on Opening Day he got hit by a pitch in the first inning and scored on a homer by Brooks Robinson for the first run of the Oriole season. In the first inning of the season's second game he homered. The first game that he played before the fans in Baltimore he homered; the first time he entered Yankee Stadium as an Oriole he drove in the winning run. At home, before the biggest crowd in Baltimore's baseball history, he became the first man ever to hit a ball completely out of the park. To become the first player since 1956 to win the Triple Crown, Robinson spent a lot of time concentrating on himself, but he also spent countless hours helping young Oriole players, and his sense of humor eased them over many pressure spots. He played much of the season with a right knee that needed an operation, yet he kept this a secret until after the season was over. Without Frank Robinson the Orioles had been consistent contenders in recent years. With him they became champions of the world.



All season long, international auto racing roared around with the special air of iron elegance that always attends it—bright cars and bold young men. But when all the flurry was over, there was the world champion: a familiar, stolid man with straight black hair parted down the middle and a seam of gold between his front teeth. Jack Brabham beat the kids, and easily—which is a refreshing change in sport. Brabham has been around racing for a long time; he came up in Australia in 1946. He has won the world title twice before, in 1959 and 1960. There is every indication that he expects to keep on winning, as did Juan Manuel Fangio, who won five times. This year Brabham won four of nine Formula I Grand Prix races and moonlighted in another division, Formula II, winning 10 out of 13 events.

All of this was just right. But Brabham brought even more to the year in racing. Most drivers can contribute only *themselves*. Brabham, who talks to engines, became the world's first driver to design, build and race his own cars—winning, in addition to the Grand Prix title, the manufacturer's trophy as well.

Brabham believes in driving just fast enough to win, and he is quietly gutsy. Not long ago, when he was continually chopped off at the corners by a reckless rookie, Brabham finished the race and walked straight to the man's car. Instead of throwing a punch to the rookie's nose—which is accepted good form in such cases—he stuck out one big paw and said, "My name's Jack Brabham and I just wanted to meet you now because, the way you drive, you're not going to be around long."

Last July, before the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort, local newspapers took special delight in calling Brabham "the grand old man of racing." Grand old man indeed. In a world packed full of special emphasis on youth, alone comes a quiet, mature champion who gives more to the sport than anyone else. He is an unruffled, slightly paunchy 40 and, by being just that, he gives new hope to every middle-aged man in the world. Brabham is the leader of the young ones—and the special hero of a million Mittys.



Jack Brabham



Jean-Claude Killy

This was a unique and thrilling year for Alpine ski racing. In the winter the usual big events were held in Europe and America, but it was a long four months later before the FIS world championships unfolded in Portillo, Chile. A group of reckless, fascinating French skiers dominated the sport all the way and soared to a height they had never before enjoyed. And the racer most responsible for France's overpowering success was a handsome, dashing daredevil named Jean-Claude Killy.

The year began with the Austrians still holding command of the slopes, as they had done for several years. The big question was whether the French men and women—who had been gaining strength since the 1966 Olympics—could at last gain control of the sport. The answer had to rest with Jean-Claude Killy, who had been recognized as the best racer in the world in 1965 by virtue of a sweeping list of victories in slalom and giant slalom. The IIS ratings showed Killy, a thin, wavy blond from Val-d'Isère, listed as No. 1 in slalom and giant slalom and sixth in downhill, the glamour event. His combined ranking was far better than any of his challengers, but he lacked a final proof of his ability—a gold medal signifying a world title, a medal that can be won only in an Olympics or world championship. And, perhaps more important, he had never won a major downhill race.

During the winter Killy continued to dominate slalom competition in Europe and the U.S., but the talented Austrian, Karl Schranz, still managed to pace the downhill events. It was in Portillo that the French—and Killy—finally took charge. The downhill course at Portillo was a brutal one, featuring a couple of terrifying bumps and rolls—and the fastest course in downhill history. But it was just right for Jean-Claude Killy, and his victory in the downhill got the French off to a start that saw them capture six gold medals out of a possible eight, and 16 medals overall.

After his downhill triumph, Killy won enough points in the slalom and giant slalom to gain the combined championship, ski racing's most cherished medal. There is no likelihood that Jean-Claude Killy will soon be overshadowed.

continued

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Bobby Hull

It took 21 years for someone to do it, and the man who did surprised no one. From midway of his ninth season in the NHL it was clear that Bobby Hull, the Golden Jet forward of the Chicago Black Hawks, was hell-bent on being the first man in professional hockey history to score more than 50 goals in a season. He was averaging a goal a game at one stretch, two goals during another brief period, and in a 70-game season there seemed to be nothing for his fans to fret about. Except that hockey is not quite that simple. As Hull became more and more dangerous, more and more defensemen clung to his every move. A torn knee ligament forced him out of five games. His right hand was injured fairly late in the season when he offered it against the jaw of Detroit's Gary Bergman. But in his 52nd game he scored his 50th goal, also against Detroit. He had shot 50 goals once before, in the 1961-62 season, thereby tying the record held jointly by Maurice Richard and Bernie Geoffrion, and so just about everyone assumed that Bobby was on his way to No. 51. He was, but frustration was in his path. There was a dreadful lull in which absolutely nothing happened. The master of the slap shot, it was assumed, would now be relieved of the pressure that had been on him all season and he could comfortably await his chance. So he waited and waited and waited through three games until one night on Chicago's home ice when he faced the New York Rangers. The impatient fifth-place Rangers took a 2-1 lead, and it seemed that Hull was to be thwarted again. Almost six minutes of the final period went by. Then Lou Angotti got the puck, kicked it over to Hull and skated to the bench. Well back of his own blue line, Hull skated a few strides, then slapped the curved blade of his stick against the puck and watched it flash past Ranger Goalie Cesare Maniago, the same Maniago who had been goalie when Geoffrion shot his 50th goal in the 1960-61 season. It was hockey's greatest moment, and a maddened crowd lost control. Hull finished the season with 54 goals, and that, with 43 assists, gave him another record—most points (97) in a season. But it was all quite anticlimactic after that No. 51.

END





AFR

No part of the world has seen more tumult—and more change—in the past 10 years than the belly of Africa, that vast midsection of a continent which sweeps in a 1,500-mile-wide arc from Senegal and the Congo in the west to Kenya and Tanzania in the east, an immense area nearly twice the size of the U.S. In 1956 tropical Africa was 24 countries, 22 of which were colonies of the great powers. Now it is 29 countries, 26 of them independent nations involved in their own political growth, anguish and storms. Here, in 1966, sport has a stronger place—as unique, perhaps, as it had in Athens before the first Olympics. “Civilization begins at the moment sport begins,” wrote Nikos Kazantzakis, the renowned Greek author. “As long as life struggles for preservation—to protect itself from its enemies, maintain itself upon the surface of the earth—civilization cannot be born. It is born the moment that life satisfies its primary needs and begins to enjoy a little leisure.”

The following pages provide the surprising evidence of the degree to which sport has become a facet of life in Africa today. It becomes apparent that Kipchoge Keino is not a freak bursting from the bush country to confound the best distance runners of the day; that there is nothing astonishing about soccer recruiters for the famed teams of Europe and South America coming to watch Ghana's Black Star play Nigeria's Green Eagles in huge stadiums filled to aver-

flowing. Instead, Kenya's runners turn out to be the product of a sophisticated athletic program. Ghana's soccer players, it develops, have been kicking balls since they could walk. It is merely a matter of time—which translates into coaching and money—until Africa's athletes will challenge anyone's.

It is tempting to assume that the African nations are deliberately using sport as a means to gain world recognition more quickly than they might otherwise. If anything, the contrary is true. Kenya would not give its national track team money to buy a javelin; the coach had to pay for it himself. Hagan Bossey, who not so long ago was the world featherweight champion and is now the coach of Nigeria's boxing team, had only two punching bags available when the All-Africa championships were held in the capital city of Lagos this year. “It makes you sick,” he said. At a track meet in Ghana the string that marks the finish line is broken by the winner, knotted, broken and knotted again and again, until at day's end its bulbous form pulled taut across the track is an ultimate symbol of athletic economy.

“Sport is no instrument of international politics for us,” says Titus J. Wambugu, a Kenya government official. “It is something that must begin at the bottom level, in the schools and villages. The feel for sport must grow upward or it will not last. The government cannot and should not put a lot of money into sport.”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY MAISEL AND MARVIN E. NEWMAN

ICA



Sport in the emerging nations

Yet sport is flourishing in Kenya, where a mere 10 years ago the natives did not even understand the concept of competition. "They would try to win a race if the prize was tangible," recalls Wambugu, "a blanket or a bowl. But they could see no reason to strain themselves just to be faster than someone else. Why bother? When we began to give medals to the winners they were angry—you can't sleep under a medal—but now they wear them proudly." The Masai diet is still warm cow's blood and milk, but its recreation is the 440 and the high jump.

As testimony to the stimulus of sport, and sometimes the perversity of people, Africa abounds with new stadiums. There are six alone in Dakar, the capital of Senegal. There is a major one in Conakry, the capital of Guinea, a 60,000-seater in the up-country Ghana university town of Kumasi, two large ones in Nigeria (one built as a matter of tribal rivalry to outshine the other) and one that holds 75,000 at Brazzaville in the Congo Republic. Given a little time, Ghana might have outdone them all. After its dictator, Kwame Nkrumah, was ousted last February, he and his destitute regime were found to have had plans for a \$22,000,000 Olympic complex that the Bulgarians were going to finance and construct.

Africa's sports are, in general, those the colonialists brought in, cultivated and left behind. Some of them, such as soccer—which is played in all African

countries—track and horse racing, were adopted by the natives. Others, among them golf, tennis and cricket, were popular solely with the foreigners. But that has changed. The ball boys at Ghana clubs now are playing tennis, as are leading Accra businessmen; Kenya has a few excellent native golfers, including one who won the championship of Uganda, and Nigeria has a number of good tennis players.

Promise—that is the word for sport in emerging Africa. There is a breathtaking potential in a land where a Kikuyu trains on the side of Mount Kenya, carefully clicking off his splits as he inches his quarter-mile times lower and lower while aiming for Jim Ryun's record, and, at the same moment not many 3:51.3 miles away, nomadic natives garbed in hides move through a pattern of life that has known no essential change since their society began. Promise—and contradiction.

Sport in emerging Africa is typified by the three countries photographed on the following pages. Two are in the west, Senegal and Ghana, one in the east, Kenya. Two are former British colonies, one French. One is verdant, one is bare. One is fiscally sound (Kenya), one is uncertain (Senegal), one is bankrupt (Ghana). But, taken together, they show that there is such a thing as sport in Africa, sport as it is understood by the rest of the world, and sport in the sense that Kazantzakis had in mind.

Senegal



The Senegalese athlete whose name is best known to Americans was a product of the Turbulent '20s christened Louis Phal but identified in the history books of prizefighting as Battling Siki, the man who won the light-heavyweight championship of the world in 1922. Thereafter the record of Senegal's athletes in Western sport has been minimal, but it may not remain so for long. "The Senegalese have the finest undeveloped talent in the world," a famous coach said recently. "All they need is instruction." They are beginning to get it, as the government has taken an increasingly strong hand in sport, including the hiring of 100 scholastic coaches—there were only 20 prior to independence. Formerly a French overseas territory in westernmost Africa and the focal point of France's African colonies, Senegal is now a struggling republic with a population of 3,500,000. Soccer is the national sport, volleyball is popular, track has the same kind of small but intense following that it does everywhere and

basketball (above) is making inroads, but lack of first-class coaching continues to hamper development of the last two. Where Senegal may surprise the world is in the wrestling ring. A favorite Senegalese native sport is lutte, which draws big crowds every Saturday in Dakar. It begins, like Japanese sumo, with interminable ceremony. Consisting mostly of singing, dancing, boasting and the hurling of insults to the rising beat of drums, it ends with a sudden flash of wrestling action in which the loser need only be knocked off his feet, not pinned. The Senegalese have sent wrestlers to Russia and Turkey to find out if they can adapt to the Olympic style in time for the 1968 Games. Early reports are encouraging.

To the beat of drums, amateur lutte wrestlers perform a traditional dance designed to show off their muscles and intimidate their foes prior to an important match inaugurating a new arena in Rufisque.





Exquisitely gowned Senegalese women, like the one above, have recently become commonplace sights at sports events. At right, two small soccer clubs, one from the fishing village of Ousikam and the other from the island of Gorée, meet in Dakar's Parc des Sports.







An outdoor court in Dakar is the scene of a basketball scrimmage between two teams good enough to have uniforms—not many do—but hardly of championship caliber. Senegal's basketball players are fast and have excellent reflexes, but their instinct is still to kick a ball, not pass it.





Official timers get set for the finish of the 200 meters during the national championships in Dakar. Above, Mansour Dia, holder of both the Senegal and African hop-step-and-jump titles, limbers up. In the background is Dakar's tallest building, a new 17-story apartment house.





Ghana



The economy of Ghana is based on cocoa, and its people are as warming as hot chocolate. They have an inherent vitality, which they bring to sport as well as everything else, and a happy facility for hoping that everything will turn out happily. When their first Prime Minister, Leftist Kwame Nkrumah, had himself proclaimed President for life in 1962, the population (7.5 million) learned to do what it called the Ghana Twist—look-over-your-shoulder-to-see-who-is-behind-you-before-you-speak—and rather placidly put up with him until last February. Even his overthrow said something about Ghana. In spite of Nkrumah's legions of secret police and his presidential guards, he was ousted in an all-but-bloodless coup. Now saddled with Nkrumah's shocking budget deficit and numerous useless projects that are monuments to his quest for international prestige, Ghana is attempting to reestablish itself, presumably making use of the same kind of enthusiasm that the people show

for sport. A British colony until 1957, Ghana has become the sports leader among the West African nations. Its national soccer team, Black Star, is the finest of any among the emerging nations of Africa, its boxers won this year's All-Africa championships and its track men, two of whom are exercising above, did well at the last Commonwealth Games. An idea of the country's passion for soccer is conveyed by the portrait opposite and the photograph on the subsequent two pages. The latter shows 60,000 people filling a stadium in Kumasi, a city of 185,000 some 170 miles inland, to see a big game between the home club of Kotoko (the Porcupines) and Brong Ahafo United, top teams in Ghana's best league.

An official rooster for the Porcupines has a rattle and charms, as well as a fly whisk that he uses to cast spells. The white clay on his face is symbolic of victory. The fly whisk works: Kotoko won 3-1.







Kenya



The African nation that has most impressed the sports world is Kenya, which achieved independence a mere three years ago this month and a year later became a republic within the British Commonwealth. Until then it had been a protectorate and colony, known primarily as one of the foremost of big-game centers, the happy hunting ground of Hemingway and the land of Mau Mau terrorists. Larger than France, it is situated astride the equator and fronts on the Indian Ocean. Its climate and geography range from an arid northern desert, which constitutes three-fifths of the country, through a cool, salubrious central plateau and on to the hot and humid shores of Lake Victoria, a body of water only slightly smaller than Lake Superior. Kenya was first opened to white settlement in 1902, but it was not until the last decade that some of the courage and energy of its formidable tribesmen was turned toward modern sport, especially—thanks to a remarkable British coach—to track and

field, in which Kenya has won international acclaim. The man throwing the hammer above is Kenya's champion, Kipruto Toror, an army sergeant from the Nandi tribe, who by Western standards is only competent. But Kenya's runners are far more than competent. Typical of them is the young athlete at right, Daniel Rudisha. A Masai—a tribe whose superbly conditioned warriors have long been feared throughout East Africa—he was an unknown and essentially untrained athlete a year ago. Found by Kenya's coach, John Velizion, he developed so quickly that in his first major competition, the Commonwealth Games in Jamaica, he came within inches of winning a bronze medal in the 440. Next stop: the Olympics.

Now a college student, Rudisha dresses in cowskin garment of a Masai warrior during visit to a village track meet. Emblems show tests owner has passed. Among requirements is killing a lion with a spear.



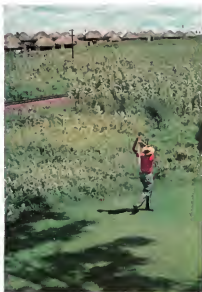


The beautiful Nairobi Racecourse runs on alternate weekends, attracting crowds of 5,000 a day, half of whom are Africans. Thatched roofs (right) cover small stands where bettors can sit to study horses in paddock. Meanwhile, as everywhere, children find amusement,









There is much amateur boxing competition among African countries. Here Kenya's Flyweight Champion John Kamau (left) loses Commonwealth Games trials bout to Peter Munene. Some expert golfers have developed, too. Above, Burhan Marjan tees off at Sigona.



Kipchoge Keino, second fastest mile in the world, works at his job of drilling police recruits at Kipsigo training school near Mount Kenya. In his room, he shows below picture of President Jomo Kenyatta and displays trophies, including panda given him by Swedish fans.





A Very Welcome Redcoat

John Velzian, the personable British coach of the Kenya national track team, has used diligence, ingenuity and ability to turn the country's untrained athletes into runners whose performances are startling the world

BY MARTIN KANE

As in other new African nations, one of the most serious problems in Kenya has been the creation of a feeling of national unity among a disparate lot of peoples who, aside from the customary political divisions, do not even speak one language. There are no fewer than twoscore different tribes in the country—among them the Baluhya, who live near Lake Victoria and are known for their stature and dignity; the coastal Nyika, who are short and introverted; the cattle-worshipping Turkana, whose principal food is milk, and the Wakamba, who lately have turned from the long bow and poisoned arrows to remarkably progressive agriculture but still like their teeth. In Kenya's African population of nearly 10 million there are four main language groups, with various dialects in each of them, not to mention the fractured Swahili of resident Englishmen and the variety of Asian tongues.

When he came to power in 1963, President Jomo Kenyatta, himself a member of the Kikuyu tribe, recognized the problem forthrightly. He established as a national slogan the word *harambee*, which means "Let's all pull together." (Our own *E pluribus unum* is not too different.) Now there is beginning to be genuine *harambee* in Kenya, and it is being advanced by something the politicians never considered. The Kenyans are finding a source of unity in their dazzling sports figures and are taking a pride in their athletes' feats that is truly national.

No small part of what Kenya is discovering about athletics, and what the world is discovering about Kenya's athletic potential, can be attributed to the unique and dedicated man at left, a small, sprightly, ceaselessly working

Englishman named John Velzian. Hired by the British eight years ago as a physical education officer for Kenya, he did not leave the country, as many of the British teachers and administrators chose to do, after the granting of Kenya's independence in 1963. Instead he remained to oversee and improve the physical education program in the fast-growing school system.

He has succeeded so well that other countries have sent representatives to see what he has achieved. Among other things, he has set up standards for schoolboy and school-girl athletic performances, with the government awarding formal certificates of merit to those who exceed certain marks and distances—a system just now being started in the U.S. as the Presidential Physical Fitness Award. This is the kind of thing Velzian is paid to do, and it takes up much of his time. But he is also coach of the Kenya national track team, and the evidence suggests that as a coach he has few peers.

Sport never meant much to Kenya's Africans when their country was a British colony, or before. When the colonists finally introduced games they did so in a spirit which implied that nothing much could or should be expected of natives in sport. The African concept of competition was embryonic, if anything, and there were some colonials who believed that its full development might well end in a threat to management. One early report on this aspect of the problem held that "a victory over the dominant race in the field of sport by the people in bondage may have a dangerous effect and there is a risk that it could be exploited by the local opinion as an enticement to rebellion."

continued

A happy Velzian views the scene at Nairobi's Jamhuri Park, where international stars were competing in Kenya's national championship.

For quite a while events seemed to bear out the correctness of the colonial idea. When soccer first was introduced to Kenya, a game frequently would degenerate into a random contest to see which player could kick the ball highest, and never mind the score. Barbara Dodds, a pioneer organizer of physical education in Kenya who was assigned there just before the end of World War II, relates that in the country's first netball match between blacks and whites a member of the African team was distressed that her side was winning by a large score. "For, madam," the girl explained, "they are our visitors." Mrs. Dodds's efforts to introduce the broad jump to Kenya proved to be "amusing but aggravating." Broad-jump practice would turn into a rhythmic exercise, "finishing with a jump of about six inches, all of the team working in complete unison."

It is quite different now. In the brief period since that netball game, Kenya's Africans—and Africans of other new nations—have learned that winning, or trying to win, is basic to sport. Soccer is now immensely popular in Kenya, and Kenya teams are so eager for victory that they have acquired a reputation for rough play.

All Kenya's sports have shown remarkable development, both in interest and quality, but it is in track and field that the country's emergence as an athletic force has been most apparent. Kenya has been involved in international track and field competition as a team only since 1954, when it participated in the Commonwealth Games in Vancouver, B.C. with no great distinction. In 1962, in Perth, Australia, Kenya and some other African countries began to take home Commonwealth gold medals in some quantity for the first time (three for Ghana, two for Kenya and one for Uganda). Four months ago at Jamaica they won 12 (five for Ghana, four for Kenya and three for Nigeria).

Now, with the Olympic Games coming up in 1968 in Mexico City, Africans are receiving a great deal of attention, and Kenya is leading the way. The new country has produced Kipchoge Keino, who turned in the world's second fastest mile (3:53.4) in London last August and, perhaps correctly, considers himself better suited to the three- and six-mile distances. Then comes Naftali Temu, who defeated Australia's magnificent Ron Clarke in the six-mile at Jamaica. "I can't believe it," Clarke said afterward. "I don't believe it. I've got to take a cold shower to make me believe it." He had, after all, lost to the unknown Temu by 140 yards. A few days later Keino beat Clarke at three miles. There is also Wilson Kiprugut, the Olympic bronze-medal winner in the half mile; Ben Kogo, a steeplechaser; John Owati, the second fastest sprinter in Africa; and Daniel Rudisha, the Masai who had participated in only five races before he went to Jamaica and narrowly missed taking a bronze in the 440. "Give him more experience," says Keino. "and Rudisha will be one of the greatest." Keino may well be right. It is even more interesting, though, that Keino, a Nandi tribesman, went out of his way to compliment a Masai. That is *harambee* working.

The rapid rise of Kenya in sport pretty much coincided with the arrival of John Velzian, whose approach and dedication certainly have spelled the difference between mediocrity and excellence. He set out by challenging the ancient

view that primitive peoples are primitive by nature and must remain so. "The reason it has taken so long for Kenya to come through in athletics," he says, "is that Kenya was a colony and sport was run by a colonial sports department. Sport was organized for the African, the Asian and the Arab, but there was no integration. When I came to Kenya the attitude was that you organized a sport meeting for the Africans because it was the done thing. When one of them won you rewarded him with something useful or, the belief was, he would not run at all. When I suggested that the African was capable of running for the pure amateur love of it and would work hard to achieve, I was held up to ridicule before the Athletic Association. Oh, yes, I was. To dare suggest that the African athlete would work for the intrinsic value of sport—that was unthinkable. I spent my first four years trying to break down this colonial attitude, and I succeeded. The willingness of the African to compete and to work for the glory of it is now established."

Velzian's first coaching appointment after his studies at London University and Carleton College of Physical Education was with the Outward Bound Trust, an organization dedicated to counteracting the softening influences of civilization on the young. To some extent this may account for his belief that the African has greater potential than most peoples in sport because "he has not been enervated by so-called civilized living, but has been conditioned to accept a very severe physical existence."

Although Velzian does not believe that a "natural" athlete can achieve greatness without training of high quality, he does believe that some African tribesmen start out with natural advantages. "Among certain tribes," he says, "there is a better ratio of leg length to overall body height. I can stand next to a Nandi athlete of the same height as myself and his navel will be two inches higher than mine."

"The differences among the Kenya tribes are very marked. Nearly all of our athletes in the explosive events—the shot, the discus and the sprints—will be Luo, who come from around Lake Victoria. They are protein eaters—they eat fish from the lake—and one cannot get an explosive performance without a high protein diet. The middle-distance men are the Nandi and the Kipsigis, who are largely vegetarians and milk drinkers. [A good part of Keino's diet is milk, beans and cornmeal mush.] The climate around Lake Victoria is hot and sticky, so no distance runners are likely to develop there. Our long-distance men are Kisu, because they live in a hilly terrain. And all of our athletes are used to severe living conditions. We are only just beginning to tap the tremendous potential in Kenya."

There are those who hold that Nairobi, situated 87 miles south of the equator on the sweeping, game-rich Athi Plains, has the world's most desirable climate. Its altitude is 5,500 feet and therefore, despite its equatorial location, the temperature seldom rises above 80° or falls below 50°. This accident of altitude may prove quite meaningful in the 1968 Olympics, for Kenya's athletes will be among the few who have been trained to compete at a height comparable to Mexico City's 7,500 feet.

"The man who trains at altitude and competes at sea level has a real advantage in distance events," Velzian says.



Velzian conducts a small physical education class at the Delamere boys' school in Nairobi for a typically multiracial group of students—African, Asian and European.

"Most of the world is astounded at how little training Keino does [it averages out to about six hilly miles three times a week at 6,500 feet and includes various kinds of over-distance or under-distance work when getting ready for certain races], but six miles of good-quality work at this altitude is the equivalent of as much as 15 miles at sea level."

Velzian travels about Kenya a great deal, covering several thousand miles in a year. Some of his trips are planned because he has heard of an athlete of promise—a schoolboy sprinter, say, who is described as having beaten 10 seconds over 100 yards. Most of the time the boy turns out to have been running on a short track. Or one hears of a spectacular high jumper, only to learn that he has been taking off from a mound. But an occasional outstanding athlete does turn up, and then Velzian tries to find a place for him in one of three institutions, depending on his interests and intelligence: in college, in the police or in the army. "Athletics is a discipline," he explains, "and the army and police initiate that discipline with regular hours, regular meals and regular sleep, all of which are vital to top-class athletes."

Keino is a good example of Velzian's system. He was completely untrained when Velzian first saw him run a 4:21.8 mile on a grass track at Nyeri in 1962. A program was started with the impossible goal of getting Keino down to the mile standard required to take him to the Commonwealth Games in Perth. Keino failed that, but did achieve the three-mile standard and represented Kenya

in Perth, where he finished about seventh, Velzian recalls.

"Since then he set new Kenya records at one, two and three miles," says Velzian. "Once in the police championships he set three records—one-mile, three-mile, six-mile—and ran in a record 440 relay, too, all in one afternoon. I am convinced he is capable of a sub-3:50 mile at sea level."

A police instructor, Keino lives much of the time in a barracks hangar—200 miles from his home village of Kaptagungo. He has a full work schedule and once got in serious trouble when a photographer caused him to be late. "The government," says a high official, "expects Keino to function as a police-academy instructor. His running is a secondary matter." A chastised Keino has refused to see photographers since, unless Velzian himself brings them. In turn, the government has become increasingly conscious of Keino's international stature and is letting him have time off for extensive travel.

In his free periods, Keino goes home to Kaptagungo, his 21-year-old wife, Jane, and their 2-year-old daughter, Emily. Their house is a mud cottage of four rooms, with a paved corrugated-iron roof. Previously they had lived in a nearby two-room hut with a thatched roof. He makes \$67 a month as a policeman, but he also owns seven cows, a few hens and some acreage devoted to raising vegetables and tea.

Though Velzian developed him, Keino's training now is mostly self-supervised. If a problem arises, Keino consults Velzian. Then, too, before each important event, the coach

continued

works out race strategy with him. This see-me-when-you-need-me arrangement is precisely what Velzian wants.

"Right from the beginning," he says, "when I have an athlete I teach him to be independent. I want him to be realistic about the fact that when he steps out on the track there is no one in the world who can help him. I give an athlete a training schedule, but it's up to him to make amendments to it. I discuss these amendments with him and advise and guide him where necessary. This means that the athletes do become independent, very much more so over here than in the U.S., where the coach is sometimes looked on as something of a god. Keino very largely goes his own way, because I've encouraged him to work out his own problems."

Unstated here is a subtle factor in training athletes in Africa. The blacks are not anxious to be administered to by the whites. They are eager to be helped, to be shown, but the ordering days are over. Velzian's understanding of this is part of his genius. "He has a way with Africans," says one of his government superiors. "He tells them what to do and why, and then comes back in three weeks to see how they are doing. He makes them responsible. Our people take to this well, where they might balk completely at constant supervision or ordering around."

The U.S., incidentally, gets some very poor marks for its relationship with the Kenya Amateur Athletic Association. The American Amateur Athletic Union offended the Kenya AAA mightily early this year when it wanted Keino to compete in Boston after running in Los Angeles and New York. According to the Kenyans, the AAU wanted Velzian that Keino should stay in America, in part because he needed the kind of coaching he could get in the U.S.—this went over very big in Kenya—and then implied Keino would not be invited to the U.S. again if he did not consent to remain and run at Boston. Keino came straight home. Other *foxes* have found the U.S. sending athletes of inferior quality for goodwill tours in Kenya. At times the Kenyans—expecting to learn from the Americans—beat them badly, to the keen embarrassment of both.

Such things would be more amusing than serious if Kenya did not need various kinds of assistance quite badly—primarily in the area of equipment and more coaches. By U.S. standards, Kenya, like all of Africa, has shockingly little to spend on sport. The Nigerian track team arrived at the Commonwealth Games in Jamaica with cracked shoes. Kenya gets its track shoes free from the German manufacturer Adidas. "Without that help," says Velzian, "we would still have Kenyans running barefooted." The entire country has but one aerodynamic javelin, which Velzian bought for \$48—a sum that came out of his own pocket—and one fiber-glass vaulting pole, which he bought second-hand. Velzian, who travels throughout Kenya to see his athletes are not paid for, spends many of his evenings in his workshop making track equipment: hurdles, high jumps and the like. The homemade device that pleases him most is one to mark running lanes on tracks. Unable to pay for one, he tinkered for weeks and finally invented and built one of his own design. Down on the day of a big meet will find him out in his shorts lining the track, shoveling saw-

dust into jumping pits and getting pole-vault standards in place. In his way, Velzian is Kenya track.

Essentially, the Kenya Amateur Athletic Association operates without government assistance. "The association's only funds come from its membership and what little we make from our championships," Velzian says. The Kenya Sports Administration (a government department) assists in the provinces, but there is no direct government aid to the KAAA. The government helps send the Kenya team to the Commonwealth Games, but there are even problems with that. This year it wanted to cut Velzian's squad by two in order to send two government officials. Velzian said O.K., he would cut Keino and Kiprugut because they did not need international experience and the others did. The government decided not to trim the team after all.

"But you can see why we get disturbed," says Velzian, "when your AAU sends us a cable of several hundred words and asks for an immediate reply by cable. We often don't have the money in the bank for a five-word cable."

Velzian schedules most of his training at the Kenya Institute of Administration track in Nairobi. Set among flame trees, conifers and Australian blue gum trees, it is surely one of the world's most attractive playing fields. The athletes in the Nairobi area come there a couple of days a week. Whereas only a few years ago Kenya had but one track, and that a grass one, there are now many fine tracks scattered about the country, most of them made of *maram*, a volcanic substance found in the mountains. Also called lacite, it had previously been used for tennis courts and hockey fields, but Velzian was the first to try it for tracks. It turned out to provide a very fast surface on which weeds and grass will not grow. There are now five such tracks in Kenya's Central Province alone.

What Velzian has achieved in Kenya is serving as a stimulating example to the rest of Africa's emerging nations. Except for those areas where endemic diseases like malaria or primitive conditions of hardship still prevail, the enthusiasm for sport is spreading everywhere. At the African Games in the summer of 1965 Dr. R. William Jones of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) put it this way: "On the one hand, there is a scarcity of adequate facilities and equipment, of cadres, of structures and of occasions for emulation and testing and, on the other, there is a fervor, an enthusiasm and a freshness that bring us back to the heroic times of sport in the older countries. Because of this, sport in Africa is still practiced by a minority of young people. It is rather more a sport of the elite than a sport of the masses."

This is true enough, but the concept of the elite in sport is quite different from that in some other areas of life. The elite in sport emerge from the masses and in turn inspire the masses to produce more of the elite. That is what is happening in Africa, and nowhere more than in Kenya.

"All over the country now," says Velzian, "there are athletes who go out and train regularly for the sheer joy of training and the knowledge that possibly one day they will represent Kenya. Before independence they could not have cared less about representing their country."

In sport, at least, *horumbee* is working just fine. **END**



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TIGER PUTS HER KHANGA IN A TANK

A brightly patterned African-print fabric called Khanga cloth is the sportswear hit of the season. A way-out designer called Tiger Morse has vinylized it and turned it into the wildest boat gear ever to put out to sea

Africa is always producing some novelty," said Pliny, the Roman writer, way back when. The latest novelty that Africa has sent the fashion world is Khanga cloth, the vivid native cotton fabric seen boating down the Hudson River in these pictures. Not since Indian madras and Indonesian batik swept the sportswear field has a fabric so excited the imagination of designers. Khanga cloth, used for more than 800 years in East Africa and named for a king of northern Uganda, was once nothing more than the African equivalent of Con-Tact. The natives took the colorful wood-blocked lengths of cloth and used them to decorate huts, cover tables, trim shelves and paper walls. Later they began using the wilder patterns for clothing, and their rich indigos, their sunset blazes of red, yellow and orange and their earth-tone blacks and browns to this day add richness to the East African scene.

For the winter-summer season Khanga prints will be seen in everything from bikinis to pajamas, cover-up caftans, pants suits and raincoats. In menswear, colorfast, nonbleeding Khanga patterns will emblazon men's Bermuda shorts, parkas, sports jackets and sports shirts.

Of all the designers using Khanga cloth this season, none is more imaginative than New York's Tiger Morse. Tiger put the fabric in a tank of liquid vinyl and came up with the waterproof material used in her special collection of clothes for boating. No two garments in her collection are exactly alike—for no two Khangas are alike. Some employ bull's-eyes and motorcycles, some feature good-luck sayings in Swahili, some make flourishes with flowers and medallions.

In the color photograph, Gerard Kouwenhoven, piloting his Riva speedboat, wears a parka with a bull's-eye pattern. It is \$45. The jacket with the motorcycle on the back, worn by Diane Dodd, covers a matching bikini. The jacket is \$40, the bikini \$25. Facing Kouwenhoven, Lynn Brophy wears a zippered-front romper suit (\$55), and Penny Allen (standing) a bell-bottom jump suit with a hood. It is \$95. At right, Loren Dunlap wears a parka with black-and-red palmetto and starlike designs. It is \$45. All the clothes are at Abercrombie & Fitch in New York; Dayton Co., Minneapolis; May D. and F., Denver. —JULIE CAMPBELL



NEVER TO BE THE SAME

An era ended and a startling new one began not long after the end of the 1941 football season, in which the 26 members of the 1966 Silver Anniversary All-America team played their last college games

BY ROBERT CANTWELL



In the winter of 1941 there was not much point in talking about a landing on the moon. Every Friday night you could turn on WABC and hear Kate Smith singing *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain*, and that, so far as the record shows, exhausted popular interest in lunar exploration. Here and there, it is true, you could find a few visionary spirits who believed in space travel, but they were regarded uneasily when they began discussing their favorite subject. Out in Roswell, N. Mex., Dr. Robert Goddard, age 59, at last had his own shop and rocket-launching tower, after decades of neglect. Dr. Goddard was a versatile genius who won fame in his youth by writing the school song for Worcester Polytechnic Institute, unquestionably a most difficult school name to set to music—*Stand by Her, Boys, Your Old Worcester Tech* was his solution—and in 1929 he made headlines because one of his homemade rockets exploded and alarmed and perplexed the Worcester police department. The headlines interested Charles Lindbergh, who persuaded the copper magnate Harry Guggenheim to finance Goddard's experiments.

Then there was the American Rocket Society. It was founded in 1930 by a group of science-fiction writers. In 1941 the more dedicated members organized Reaction Motors, Inc. and started manufacturing rocket engines. By that time rocket developments in warfare were speeding things up generally. But popular enthusiasm was lacking. The president of the American Rocket Society said bitterly, "The lack of progress of American rocket research . . . was caused solely by the prevailing attitude of ridicule."

Vice-Admiral Chuichi Nagumo of the Japanese navy was not interested in getting to the moon in the winter of 1941; he had a more earthly destination. He was interested in getting a task force of six carriers, two battleships, three cruisers, nine destroyers and three submarines from the Kurile Islands to Hawaii without being discovered on the way. The ships were assembled at Tanakan Bay on Saturday, Nov. 22.

That was an important date in American colleges, for a different reason. It was the day most would be playing their next-to-last games of a terrific football season. Unbeaten Duke, bound for the Rose Bowl, was playing North Carolina. Navy, beaten only by Notre Dame, played Princeton. Once-beaten Alabama, Cotton Bowl-bound, was talking on once-beaten Vanderbilt.

That Saturday had its own importance for the 26 men chosen for this year's Silver Anniversary Awards: they were all playing football, they were in their last year at college, and for most of them it was the last or next-to-last game ever. They all went on to distinguished careers that led to their nomination for Silver Anniversary Awards 25 years after they graduated. There was, however, a substantial interruption on the way. Vice-Admiral Nagumo and Pearl Harbor saw to that. The interruption ended forever the prewar world they had known and began a new era, different in so many ways that not only visionary scientists

but heads of state could talk about a landing on the moon in the near future and not be regarded as crackpots.

Not that war was unexpected by this generation. "Most of us felt it was inevitable," one of them recalls. "But we were shocked at the way it came at Pearl Harbor." They were a matter-of-fact generation and, pending the arrival of war, they enjoyed themselves without working hard at it.

PAUL and **ARTHUR EGGERS**, running guard and end at Valparaiso University, had a particularly pleasant fall. Born in Seymour, Ind., the sons of a Lutheran minister, they were identical twins and so much alike they could switch dates and recite for each other in class. When Arthur was turned down for football in high school because of a heart murmur, Paul passed the physical examination for him. In return, Arthur used to memorize poetry and recite it in Paul's stead, declaiming in their German class such lines as "*Du, du liegst mir im Herzen*" as himself and repeating them as Paul. They thought alike, and started in relay races because they passed the baton smoothly. Once they received national attention playing football for Valparaiso when they were both knocked out on the same play Arthur did the blocking for Paul on ends-around, and opponents had trouble seeing which one had the ball. "It was a great thrill, Paul and I going on an end-around play," Arthur said. "We had a sixth sense. I knew exactly where he was, and he knew where I was."

WILLIAM MCGARVEY DUDLEY, later a famous professional football star, was the captain of the extraordinary Virginia team that lost only to Yale. Born in Bluefield, Va., he was driving a soda-pop truck when he won a scholarship to Virginia despite his few years and few pounds (he was 5 feet 10 and weighed 172). "They took me because I could place-kick," he said. It was a wise choice. Dudley played his first college game at 16. At 19 he was All-America, captain and the nation's leading scorer.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BUSIK was a Pasadena, Calif. high school star who played with Jackie Robinson in junior college before going to the Naval Academy. Busik was credited with doing most for the 1941 Navy team that won seven and lost only to Notre Dame. In the Army-Navy game eight days before Pearl Harbor, Army led at the half 6-0. But from the opening kickoff in the second half, according to *The New York Times*, "Navy went all the way for a touchdown, with Barnacle Bill Busik the whole show. . . . Busik has seldom been more brilliant." Navy won 14-6.

ROBERT PRAY BARNETT, the son of an Albany, Ga. physician, was 6 feet 4, weighed 220 and was center and captain of the Duke eleven that piled up 311 points to 41 for its opponents in winning nine games.

DR. MAX BIGGS was born in Cleveland, Ohio, the son of a foreman in a rubber-company plant, and was an end at De Pauw in 1941. A basketball star, too, and on a scholarship, he was starting a career in continued

medicine that was to lead him to research in radiation.

DR. LOYAL W. COMBS (called Bill) was a 21-year-old senior at Purdue and the son of a small-town storekeeper from Lowell, Ind. He intended to become an engineer but became so wrapped up in biology courses that he chose medicine instead. He played end three years at Purdue and put in a season with the Philadelphia Eagles before settling down to his medical studies.

WILLIAM HOWARD CRAWFORD was born in Fort Worth, Texas and grew up in the home of Ed Carleton, father of the St. Louis Cardinal pitcher Tex Carleton. In 1941 he was a guard (a third-year veteran) on the Texas Christian team that beat Tulsa, Arkansas, Indiana, Baylor, Centenary, Texas and SMU, tied Rice, lost to Fordham and Texas A&M and met Georgia in the Orange Bowl.

WILLIAM HERBERT GEYER had an unusually tough beginning to overcome. When he was a fullback on a state high school championship team he was chosen the most popular person in Bloomfield, N.J., and given an all-expense tour of the U.S., including the Rose Bowl game. He kept his perspective in spite of this, got to Colgate on a scholarship, worked for his room and board and played three years under famed Coach Andy Kerr. In 1941 he set a college record of 966 yards for kicks returned that still stands.

ARTHUR HARRISON, the son of a machinist, was born in East Walpole, Mass., went to Exeter Academy and played varsity football for three years at Tufts as a 5-foot-10½, 180-pound left halfback. A history major, he expected war to come soon and has only a vague memory of the game just before Pearl Harbor. "It was against Massachusetts State," he says. "I think we won it 14-7." They did.

FRED HAROLD HARRISON played high school football in Lawrence, Mass., then went to Phillips Academy and, on a scholarship, to Yale, where he starred on the un-



FRED HARRISON

fortunate 1941 Yale team that won only one game. But he remembers that one vividly. Yale gave Virginia, and Bill Dudley, its only defeat, 21-19.

JAMES OLIVER JACKSON was born in Denison, Texas, the son of a railroad employee. In 1941 he was a 21-year-old single-wing tailback on the Abilene Christian College eleven. A track star, and eventually a celebrated track coach rather than a football star, he was a dependable performer on the team that came to the end of the season with six

wins and two losses. The last game just before Pearl Harbor was an 18-14 win over St. Mary's University.

FRED MORGAN KIRBY was a 170-pound end playing his last game for Lafayette on the day before his 22nd birthday, when he caught a pass to set up a touchdown that helped beat Lehigh 47-7. Lafayette had an undistinguished season—four won and four lost up to that point—and, says Kirby, "it's always the thrill of the season when Lafayette beats Lehigh." A son of the celebrated financier Allan P.



BILL DUDLEY

Kirby, he was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., played football at Hackley and, briefly, at Lawrenceville (he was injured in the first game). The high point of his three years with the Leopards of Lafayette was in 1940. Playing Army for the first time since 1893, the small Lafayette eleven was terrified when it went on the field, astonished when it began to score and then played good, hard football to win 19-0, as Army careened to the worst year in its history.

CAPTAIN CUSTER KRICKENBERGER, age 20 in his senior year, was a 5-foot-8½, 170-pound guard on the 1941 Case Institute of Technology team. He and Case had a good season that year. The Roughriders won seven and lost only one, and Krickenberger scored two touchdowns, which he thought was pretty good for a guard, especially since one came after he made a wild tackle to stop a long run. The ball shot up in the air and Krickenberger caught it and got away in the other direction to the goal.

NOAH NOEL LANGDALE JR. played his best game for Alabama against Tennessee in 1941, when Tennessee was finally beaten 9-2 after walloping Alabama three years in a row. A big, tenacious tackle with extraordinary stamina, Langdale was born in Valdosta, Ga., a brilliant student (Phi Beta Kappa) and a stentorian orator. After one year on the Alabama varsity, he was out for a year with a leg injury so bad that he had to work at getting on and off chairs. He came back to play two more years and to get one of those watches awarded to everybody who played in the Cotton Bowl. Shortly before Pearl Harbor once-beaten Alabama met once-beaten Vanderbilt in a crucial game of nationwide interest. Langdale's opposite number in that game was Dan Walton, another award winner, and all afternoon they glared and collided until Vanderbilt won 7-0. "We've butted heads quite a bit," Judge Walton says, "but I've never met the man."

continued

Yes.





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or 146 leather straps—whichever comes first.



At Bulova, there's this crazy little machine that just sits there winding and unwinding a mainspring. Each wind equals one day of normal use. In one of our latest tests, our exclusive Bulovoy mainspring lasted as long as 256 years. That's just one reason why we make so many of our own parts. We don't know anyone else who can do better, or who is even anxious

to try. So you'll need a lot of watch straps and maybe some other parts before a Bulova mainspring wears out. You'll probably get tired of the face long before that. But, these days, isn't it kind of nice to know that you can buy something with that much life?

When you know what makes a watch tick, you'll buy a Bulova.

COLONEL RAYMOND MURPHY was a student at Montana State College when he won an appointment to West Point. He missed only one varsity game in his three years at guard. And those were tough years at the academy; 1940 was the worst football year in Army's history; the Cadets beat only Williams. Captain in 1941, the first year of Red Blaik's era as coach, Murphy witnessed Army's revival, when there were five victories, a tie with unbeaten Notre Dame and losses to Harvard, Penn and Navy.



DR. MAX BERGS

JACK OLSON, the son of a pioneer family that developed Wisconsin Dells, Wis., by running excursion boats through the gorges on the river, was fullback in 1941 on a Western Michigan eleven that was undefeated and untied.

ROBERT LYNN PETERS in 1941 wound up his third year as Princeton's outstanding back, a runner, passer, receiver and punter. In 1940 he completed a 75-yard forward pass, a college record that still stands. In the 1941 Navy game Peters hauled down a Navy man who had run 57 yards and got another after a 40-yard run, then twice interrupted Bill Busik, who was on his way to touchdowns after sprints of 34 and 46 yards. "When Peters came off the field for the last time," said the *Times*, "after personally staving off at least four touchdowns with thrilling tackles, he received a tremendous ovation from both sides of the stadium—a fitting tribute to a man who will go down as one of Princeton's outstanding heroes."

CHARLES MILTON PEARSON was winding up a brilliant college career at Dartmouth. From Madison, Minn., he was a high school basketball star, a good shortstop and a football hero who became a 6-foot-4, 220-pound tackle and captain of the Dartmouth eleven. He was class president for three years, even after winning a freshman award for "manliness, uprightness, fairness and respect for duty." Nicknamed "Stubby," he was also called "Abe Lincoln" and "the Senator," because of his lanky farm-boy sincerity and sense of humor—"handsome, in a he-man sort of way," said a colleague. He was also a brilliant student (Phi Beta Kappa) and an intellectual, who was generally found with a book of poetry in his possession (Keats was a favorite). His girl friend was a cover girl on *LIFE* shortly before Pearl Harbor. Pearson played in that famous 1940 fifth-down game that Cornell "won" 7-3, then conceded to Dartmouth.

DR. ROBERT LLOYD PINCK started every game for three years as quarterback at Washington and Lee. The son of a Paterson, N.J. pharmacist, he went to Washington and Lee because his older brother had been there. Football success was not unfamiliar in the Pinck family. Brother Dick helped to write a book about his disillusionment with success in sport. *The Hero*, subsequently made into a movie starring John Derek.

ENDICOTT PEABODY, Harvard's celebrated All-America guard, sometimes called Harvard's greatest lineman and known as the Baby-faced Assassin in 1941, was a power on the team that beat Dartmouth, Princeton, Army, Brown and Yale and lost to Penn and Cornell.

MALCOLM SMITH was a center on Pennsylvania's 1941 team that beat Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Maryland, Columbia, Army and Cornell, and lost only to Navy, though injuries kept him out of that series of sensational one-sided victories until midseason.

ARNOLD SOLOWAY got his football start as a tackle at Boys' High School in Brooklyn. He went on to become a three-year letterman at Brown and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. In college on a partial scholarship, he ran a laundry route. Brown won five and lost four in 1941, dropping the last one, shortly before Pearl Harbor, to Rutgers 13-7.

FRANK SZALAY, who died last year, was a slight, dark, good-natured athlete who played football at Ohio University. His father died when he was in his teens, and Frank worked as a busboy, truck driver and janitor during the three years he was a 150-pound center with the Bobcats.

JUDGE DAN EDWARD WALTON played tackle on Vanderbilt's great 1941 team, coached by Red Sanders and Sanders' new assistant, Bear Bryant. Born in Tennessee, the son of a railroad conductor, Walton starred in that heady season when Vanderbilt, having lost only to Tulane,



NOLAN NOEL LANGDALE

was stunned by a last-game defeat by Tennessee 26-7, two weeks before Pearl Harbor.

MAURY WHITE expected to go to Hawaii with the Drake University team for a postseason game with the University of Hawaii scheduled for December 6. (It was dropped because of "world conditions".) White's father was editor of a small-town Iowa weekly and died when Maury was 17. For two years White and his mother and sisters kept the *Manilla Times* (circ. 1,000) continued

going. When it began to show a profit, he went to Drake and played halfback three years with the Bulldogs.

The football season was over by the time Vice-Admiral Nagumo was ready to strike. The task force was 230 miles north of Pearl Harbor. The time was 6 a.m. Sunday, Dec. 7, when 183 planes were launched—49 horizontal bombers, 51 dive bombers, 40 torpedo planes, 43 fighters. They flew into the bright morning sunlight at 9,000 to 15,000 feet and, beginning at 7:55 a.m., dropped their bombs, leaving 2,403 dead. Endicott Peabody was at the Grant-Dodger football game at the Polo Grounds in New York when he heard the news. "It was a pretty somber experience," he said. Bill Dudley was watching the Washington Redskins play at Griffith Stadium when the loudspeaker began calling government officials, and thousands of military personnel at the game were ordered to report. Loyal Combs, at Purdue, was on his way to church; Arthur Harrison, at Tufts, was having breakfast in the school cafeteria; Fred Kirby was at the point of mounting his horse at Morristown, N.J. for a cross-country ride, and Oliver Jackson, at Abilene Christian, was playing dominoes in the dormitory when the news came over the radio that Pearl Harbor had been bombed.

Like millions of others, they went to war. For the men at West Point and Annapolis the transition was fast. Raymond Murphy left the academy for the China-Burma-India theater, where he was assigned to the British 14th Army. Bill Busak served on the destroyer *Shaw* through most of the war. The medical men went on with their training, though now in the services: Dr. Biggs at Harvard for the Navy Medical Corps, Dr. Loyal Combs at Marquette for the same and Dr. Robert Pinck at Duke for the Army Medical Corps and service in postwar Germany.

The bowl games were pretty grim after Pearl Harbor. Because of fear of attack on the West Coast, the Rose Bowl was moved to Durham, N.C., where Duke lost to Oregon



ENDICOTT PEABODY

State 20-16. Duke Captain Robert Barnett, going into the Marine Corps after graduation, emerged at the war's end as a major. William Crawford went with Texas Christian in the Drange Bowl (TCU lost to Georgia 40-26) and then enlisted in the Navy. Most of the men of this college generation, in fact, enlisted after Pearl Harbor, but generally were not inducted until after graduation in the spring. The brilliant Charles Milton Pearson left Dartmouth to become a

Navy dive-bomber pilot. He was in action at Truk, Timan, Saipan, Ponape and elsewhere, and lost his life diving on a Japanese destroyer in the Palau campaign.

Bill Dudley was in the Army Air Corps, flying B-29 bombers in the South Pacific. Malcolm Smith, a Marine lieutenant, won the Silver Star at Saipan; he crawled out under fire and rescued the company commander, a brother of Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach. Smith



JUDGE DAN WALTON

was also the platoon leader of an outfit whose demolition expert was an actor named Lee Marvin. Fred Harrison went from Yale to become a captain in the field artillery. The Eggers twins, for the first time in their lives, were separated, Paul becoming a major and Arthur a captain in the Air Corps. At the end of the war Bob Peters was a captain in the 13th Armored Division, Endicott Peabody a naval lieutenant in submarine service and Oliver Jackson an Air Corps captain. All told, 14 of the award winners were in the Navy, nine in the Army and the remainder in the Marines and the Coast Guard.

None of these sudden transitions to new careers had much to do with landing on the moon. But a life of such rapid changes conditioned an entire generation to expect anything—to regard remote possibilities and vague conjectures as possible happenings in the immediate future no matter how fantastic they had appeared shortly before. Two decades after their military duty the award winners were well established in their own careers, substantial citizens in the classic American pattern, with the intangible difference that they were also characterized by a matter-of-fact acceptance of developments in science and world affairs unthinkable in earlier times. Sudden death had taken a lot of their generation. Three of the men of the Duke team that played in the Rose Bowl were killed in action. Frank Szalay, establishing a tractor business in San Diego after the war, died as he was gaining a more than local reputation as an inspired and dedicated director of children's recreation.

Now in their early middle years, they are active in civic works of one kind or another: fund-raisers for Negro colleges, like Robert Peters; builders of churches, like Paul Eggers; and hospital trustees, like Arthur Harrison. They are leaders of charity fund drives and, like William Geyer and Fred Kirby, outstanding fund-raisers for their colleges. Many of them are in politics. Dudley is in the Virginia

House of Delegates. Arthur Eggers is a county prosecuting attorney in Washington state. Dan Walton, after serving as district attorney in Houston, became a Texas criminal district court judge. Jack Olson last month was elected lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin, a post he had held formerly, and Endicott Peabody, who had served a term as governor of Massachusetts, was defeated for the U.S. Senate.

Some developed their own businesses. Peters returned to Kingsport and organized Clinchfield Supply Company. But for a good many of the members of this generation the turbulent changes of the time took place within their own professions. Dr. Max Biggs moved on from the study of medical physics to research among the accelerators and reactors at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratories. Dr. Robert Pinck returned after hospital work in Germany during the Berlin airlift to head the Department of Radiology at Long Island College Hospital. Captain Custer Kriekenberger, after working on the Alaska Highway and serving as a Navy underwater-demolition expert, is on the staff of Admiral Roy Johnson, Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet.

Sometimes the returning veterans were involved in fast-growing postwar industry, like Robert Barnett, who became vice-president of Atlas Chemical Industries in Wilmington, Del., and William Crawford, who became first president of Panther Chemical, a Texas Refinery Corporation subsidiary in Fort Worth. And occasionally they became figures in industrial history, like Fred Kirby, who emerged from the struggle of Allegheny Corporation as chairman of the board of Investors Diversified Services, the biggest financial house of its kind. Malcolm Smith became president of Argus Cameras Inc., Paul Eggers an attorney in Wichita Falls, Texas. Arnold Soloway, after serving as a governmental economic adviser, became the head of Jamaica Development Co., a New England realty firm. Maury



COLONEL RAYMOND MURPHY

White returned from Navy duty in the Pacific to become a sportswriter and editor of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*. Arthur Harrison taught high school history, then went into business, becoming president-treasurer of a big Ohio industrial-sand combine.

More often, however, the men of this generation retained connections with their colleges either as teachers or directors. Captain Busik served as director of athletics at the

Naval Academy and is now commander of Destroyer Squadron 25, Pacific Fleet. Colonel Raymond Murphy became athletic director at West Point before becoming a deputy director in the office of assistant chief of staff for force development in the Pentagon. Oliver Jackson, in his 15 years as track coach at Abilene Christian, made the school world-famous with Olympic gold-medal winners such as Bobby Morrow and Earl Young. Fred Harrison



ROBERT PETERS

became director of athletics (and a history instructor) at his old school, Phillips Academy. Noah Langdale taught mathematics at the University of Georgia and practiced law before becoming the head of fast-growing Georgia State University at Atlanta.

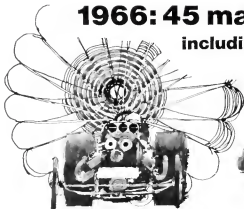
And, without exception, they retained an enthusiasm for football. Sometimes there is a professional interest. Dr. Loyal Combs is medical director and team physician at Purdue. Bill Dudley, who played with the Pittsburgh Steelers, the Detroit Lions and the Washington Redskins after the war, takes some time off from his insurance business in Lynchburg to scout college players for professional teams. But usually the devotion to football of these experts consists of attendance at whatever games they can get to. Otherwise their recreational interests are varied. Kirby hunts with the Spring Valley Hounds. Geyer hunts in Africa. Dr. Biggs races his sloop in transpacific races. Robert Barnett grinds precious stones for recreation. Colonel Murphy hammers and saws and does cabinetwork around his home in Alexandria, Va. And there are water skiers, fishermen and weekend golfers among them. But they follow football with an intensity that can hardly be appreciated except by other enthusiasts of their generation. "The big game is better today," Bill Dudley says, "more specialization, with bigger, better, faster players." But he says of two-platoon football: "When a ballplayer doesn't go both ways, he misses something."

Or, as Bob Peters puts it, "Football has come into its own today and is much more exciting to watch. The boys are bigger and faster now. Still, I miss the old workhorses who could do many things and do them well."

That might serve as a fair description of the generation, a group of old workhorses who have done many things. And, perhaps more important, they seem to be ready for almost anything the future may bring.

END

1966: 45 major wins on including the Grand Prix



Goodyear tires take 18 major Drag titles: Goodyear-equipped machines won 18 major Drag titles including Adams, Wayre and Mutligan's record run elapsed time, an unofficial 6.95 seconds—221 mph, October 9th, Carlsbad, Calif.



Chuck Parsons wins USRRC title with Goodyear:

This year's United States Road Racing Champion Driver clinched the title in winning the Road America at Elkhart Lake. Other sports car wins with Goodyear this year were recorded at Riverside, Laguna Seca, Bridgehampton and Mid-Ohio.



Jack Brabham, World Champion. Again:

For the third time, Jack Brabham is the World's Championship Grand Prix Driver. He won the French, the British, the Dutch and the German Grand Prix races. In addition, his Brabham-Repco Formula I car won the Grand Prix Manufacturers Trophy, and he was also leading Formula II driver in the Brabham-Honda car. His racing tires? Goodyear Blue Streaks.

Goodyear Blue Streak tires...

World Championship



On the NASCAR circuit:

Goodyear Blue Streak tires were on 6 wins, including the 1966 Daytona 500 won by Richard Petty. Other Goodyear wins were posted at Riverside, Atlanta, Darlington and Charlotte.

Trans-American Sedan Series Races:

A rapidly growing class of auto racing. With cars like Mustangs, Dats, Alfa-Romeos, Volvos, Lotus Cortinas and Barracudas competing. Six races were run this year. Goodyear Blue Streaks were on all six winners for both over 2-litre and under 2-litre cars.



1, 2, 3 at Le Mans. Plus victories at Sebring and Daytona:

Goodyear Blue Streaks were on the winners of the three longest endurance races in the world. The 24-hour Daytona Continental. Sebring's 12 Hours of Endurance. And the 24-hour Le Mans classic. (Second year in a row Goodyear's won at Le Mans.)



Winners Go

GOOD YEAR

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MR. GOREN'S CHRISTMAS QUIZ

By now you have considered the new safety features in the 1967 cars, but how about adding some safety features to your 1967 cards? Though I am a firm believer in aggressive bridge, lately I have noticed a trend toward too much baldness, so here is a safety lecture. The problems generally call for the most careful approach, but that is not always the lowest possible bid. If you score 34 or less, increase your insurance; 36 to 49 and you are safe in most games; 50 or more and your opponents should check their own coverage against losses.



For all hands, neither side vulnerable

1 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♥	PASS	3♥	PASS

What do you bid now?

2 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	3NT	PASS
4♥	PASS	7	PASS

What do you bid now?

3 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
7	PASS	2♠	PASS

What do you bid now?

4 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	2♥	2♠	3♥
4♠	5♥	7	

What do you bid now?

5 As South you hold:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♠	DOUBLE	PASS	7

What do you bid?

6 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	2♠	7	

What do you bid?

7 As South you hold:



Hand 7, card 1

8 As South you hold:



Hand 8, card 1

9 As South you hold:



Hand 9, card 1

10 As South you hold:



Hand 10, card 1

11



West leads the 6 of spades against South's three-trump contract. How should you proceed?

12



West leads the 6 of spades against South's three-trump contract. East plays the 10 of spades. Assuming that the lead has not come off, how should you proceed?

13



West leads the 6 of spades against South's three-trump contract. How should you proceed?

14



West leads the 6 of spades against South's three-trump contract. East plays the 10 of spades. Assuming that the lead has not come off, how should you proceed?

WERE YOU BOLD ENOUGH TO DISCOVER THESE SAFE SOLUTIONS?

- 1** 3 DIAMONDS=5 PTS 4 CLUBS OR 4 HEARTS=3 PTS 3 HEARTS=1 PT

You have maximum values for your previous raise but do not yet know the purpose of partner's club bid. Three diamonds shows your ace, shows diamond stoppers if partner wants to try no trump and paves the way for a club raise later if it turns out that partner is slam-minded. A club raise now is premature, but superior to an inadequate return to three hearts.

- 2** 4 SPADES=5 PTS PASS=2 PTS

Partner has shown at least six spades—possibly seven—and only four hearts. He will be much better able to withstand diamond forces if he is in his longer suit.

- 3** PASS=5 PTS 2 NO TRUMP=3 PTS 2 HEARTS OR 2 SPADES=1 PT

Partner has indicated a minimum hand with at least four clubs. There is no need to look around for a better spot and considerable danger in trying to do so.

- 4** 5 SPADES=5 PTS PASS=2 PTS DOUBLE=1 PT

Perhaps you won't make five spades, but you have no assurance that the opponents won't make five hearts. Further, there is considerable hope that they may take a save—perhaps a phantom save—at six hearts. Pass earns points because partner may have some clear-cut action that he can take Double with a point because it is so much better than something unthinkable, such as six spades or six diamonds.

- 5** 1 HEART=5 PTS 1 NO TRUMP=3 PTS PASS=0 PTS

Since one no trump promises about eight points, it conveys a wrong message to partner but gets some credit because it might conceivably work out. A pass is inconceivable, since you have no basis for hoping to set one diamond doubled. As a result, the top awards go to the takeout bid in your cheapest three-card suit.

- 6** PASS=5 PTS DOUBLE=1 PT

Doubles of low-level contracts should be avoided on hands containing no strength outside the opponent's bid suit. If West rescues and partner doubles a two-heart bid, for example, you have nothing whatever to contribute to the defense. The pass is not only safe—it may win everything if partner can reopen with a double.

- 7** 2 HEARTS=5 PTS 3 HEARTS=3 PTS 3 CLUBS=1 PT

The free raise denotes a fairly good hand. Had East passed, a two-club bid followed by a heart raise would properly depict your strength, but you cannot now safely force partner to rebid at the three level and then leave yourself wondering whether or not to go on to game. Three hearts gets a generous award because it is a safer kind of bravery, assuming you are playing this bid as some do, to show limited strength.

- 8** 6 HEARTS=5 PTS 5 HEARTS=3 PTS DOUBLE=1 PT

You can't play them safe when the odds are so heavily in favor of making a slam or of pushing the opponents into a save at the grand-slam level. Partner is marked with no more than one diamond. The lesser awards are in recognition of the holiday season.

- 9** 5 DIAMONDS=5 PTS 4 DIAMONDS=3 PTS 3 HEARTS=2 PTS 3 SPADES=1 PT PASS=0 PTS

Safe bidding does not mean trying to let the cheapest bid do the job. Partner has preempted and you have only one defensive trick. A lot of spades are missing. If you pass, West will certainly take some action, and East-West might even make six spades. The safest tactic is to use up the most space by blasting into five diamonds. Four diamonds is at least a step in the right direction. Three hearts, if partner has a singleton, may help you on defense. Even a psychic spade bid is better than a craven pass.

- 10** 3 NO TRUMP=5 PTS DOUBLE=3 PTS 4 CLUBS=1 PT

The bidding indicates that even if partner has opened a skimpy three-card suit, any moving clubs will be in the East hand and therefore finessable. So nine tricks in no trump becomes a reasonable proposition and gets the top award. If you decided to double three hearts you should be headed for a profitable penalty bonus. The point for four clubs is a sop—to those who stayed out of an unmakeable five-club contract.

ANSWERS TO PLAYING PROBLEMS

- 11** Did you win the diamond king, lead to the diamond ace and ruff a third diamond low, planning to trump your fourth with dummy's 10? Take 1 point for reckless courage. Were you more cautious, spending

the 10 of clubs to ruff the third diamond lead, thus preventing an overruff and a trump return? Take 2 points for discretion. But if you won the diamond king, surrendered the second diamond trick—thus ensuring that your ace would not be trumped—and later ruffed your remaining small diamond with dummy's 10 of clubs, you made the slam against West's singleton diamond, and thereby win the Goren safety medal for 1966, and 5 points to boot.

- 12** You earn 1 point if you won the spade, cashed your clubs and hearts, led ace and another diamond and found West with the diamond king. Two points for caution if you ducked the first spade, took the second, played as above and found East with the diamond king and no more spades.

Five points for mastery if you took the second spade, cashed your club and heart winners and then led the jack of spades, putting West in with his marked queen. West may win three spade tricks, but his next lead gives you your ninth trick.

- 13** Two points for luck if you won the spade in dummy, played a heart to your 10 and found East with the queen. But hold it, subtract 1 point because 50% of the time West will have the heart queen. If so, he shifts to a diamond, the defenders win the next heart and lead a second diamond and your only remaining entry to dummy is knocked out before you can cash the 9 of hearts. Take 5, and a sure game, if you won the first spade in your hand and led a heart, keeping two reentries to dummy. Make it 6 points if your first lead was the heart king—the bonus being for the occasional time you can drop a lone queen.

- 14** Take 1 point for the probability that nothing bad will happen and that you'll usually make six by ruffing, leading to dummy's remaining high diamond and taking a spade discard on a high heart. But to win the 5 for safety you must allow for the possibility that East holds eight hearts, which is not impossible since West is already marked with seven spades and three diamonds. If this is the case, West can overruff, put his partner in with the king of spades and collect another heart ruff with his remaining high trump. So you must dump your losing spade under East's heart ace, West can ruff one heart, but cannot put partner in to get a second ruff. **END**

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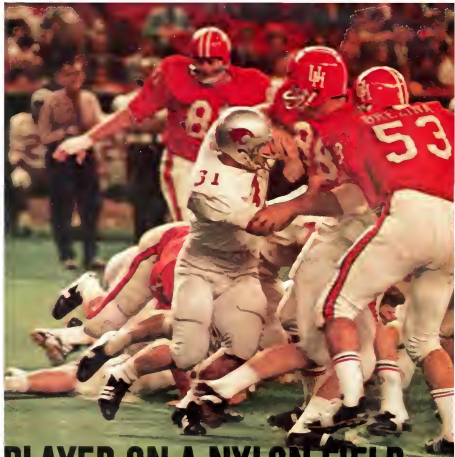
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A Poet Against the Destroyers

By YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO

Russia's foremost literary figure is an athlete of some renown. In this essay written for Sports Illustrated he tells about two football matches of consequence, explains how he nearly drowned at the Fellinis', accounts for the damage to a dahlia bed that was shaped in Stalin's image and discusses other matters of more moment

CONTINUED

The well-known formula, "in a healthy body a healthy mind," is a highly dubious one if applied universally. In the normal view, a healthy mind is, above all, a kind one. But Hitler, for example, spared no expense on the physical education of young people, with aims quite other than the development of kindness in them. For all his genius, puny, sickly Nietzsche could not have imagined that his abstract idea of a superman would bear sinister fruit in the splendidly trained muscles of the SS and Hitler Jugend. A healthy body was not much use for philosophizing, but it was extremely useful for torturing and killing. Cruelty was reckoned as the sign of a healthy mind, and kindness as a sign of spiritual weakness. "Healthy cruelty in a healthy body" was the way the formula was written for those young wolves.

I do not want to make any offensive comparisons, but it seems to me that while the actor Sean Connery (certainly a nice enough fellow), worn out by his hysterical fans, dreams romantically of playing the lofty part of Hamlet, his own James Bond, rippling his sticky biceps, demonstrates and propagates on the screen the seductive cruelty of the modern superman—an anti-Hamlet. Hamlet's question is: "To be or not to be?" Bond's question is: "To beat or not to beat?" And pumped youths fidgeting on sweaty seats in packed theaters burn with the desire: yes, yes, we ought to be like Bond, just as strong—stronger than anyone else in the world. And they lift weights, and learn judo and boxing, infected with the disease of a "supermanism" that stimulates their vanity.

Fine, if this stage passes away with adolescence. But what if it fails to pass? What if throughout your life your chief instinct is self-preservation, leading to the doubtful goal of superiority over others, sometimes by walking over other people's bodies? The instinct for self-preservation is often a deceptive one, the more so if it is specially cultivated. When you are perpetually ready to hit out, this readiness sometimes makes you expect a blow from someone who has no intention of attacking you. From a broader point of view, many nations have begun wars only because of a delusive instinct for self-preservation.

So one of the dangers of the cult of the healthy body as superior to the mind is its transformation of man into beast—sometimes a beautiful one, a delightful one, but a beast nevertheless. Another danger is a kind of athletic narcissism, which leads to the most extraordinary stupidity. Physical-training fiends with chicken-sized brains and abjectly huge piles of muscles impress me as pitiful and unfulfilled human beings. How pathetic is the basket-

ball player who, at his first sight of the Eiffel Tower, can see in it only a basketball net turned upside down. How pathetic is the tennis player for whom, as for a prisoner, the world is divided into little squares, because he sees it only as if through a tennis racket.

Of course, I do not mean that it is obligatory for every hater to read Hemingway. Even studying Hemingway and learning the whole of him by heart is not going to help a hater who has no talent. But if a talented boxer *does* read Hemingway, he will, in my opinion, be an even better boxer. The former coach of the Soviet football team, Boris Arkadyev, used to tell this story about a certain young football player: "Once at a training session, we were standing looking out over a river and watching the sun set. It was an incredible sunset. 'Well, how about it?' I asked the player. 'Does it do anything to you?' 'What do you mean, do anything?' 'The sunset, of course—does it do anything to you?' 'Why should it do anything?' What do you think I am, a girl or something?' I had to ask him from the team. There was not much hope of making a real footballer out of him if he was such a fool that a sunset did not have any effect on him."

The composer Shostakovich told me a story about a certain musician. "Yes, that man has got something, I think—but he is a peculiar fellow, you know. He once asked me if it was true that I was fond of football, and I said yes, I enjoyed it. 'Well,' he said, 'I never would have thought it! Now what kind of composer is he if he is so scornful of football?' I agree with Arkadyev and Shostakovich. Physical and spiritual shortcomings are equally pathetic and ugly. If there is anything that we should be striving toward, it is the harmony of our whole being.

For me, our great poet Pushkin was the supreme embodiment of such harmony. He was a brilliant and cultivated man. But, at the same time, he was always able to wash the dry dust of books off his lips with bubbling champagne. He was the philosophical focus of his epoch, and yet he was capable of looking at the world with the eyes of a child who has escaped from the supervision of his strict nurse: History.

Even while Pushkin was still alive he stood on a granite pedestal of fame created by his own efforts, but he was always able to get off that pedestal, jump on his waiting horse and ride right up to the porch of his waiting mistress. And he adored sport. He was a boxer, a fencer, a marksman, a swimmer, a horseman and a hunter. In the biting cold of Russia (as low as 50° centigrade below zero), he would emerge lobster-red from his bath, leap out into the snow and roll around in it, shouting with delight at the joy of life

that filled him to overflowing. He always carried a heavy iron rod with him, so that his arm should not grow weak and so that his pistol should not falter if he had to use it. It is true that on one occasion the pistol did falter, but that is another story.

Pushkin was short, poorly proportioned, ugly. But he overcame his own ugliness, both through his awareness of the strength of a trained mind and through his awareness of the strength of his body, a physical strength cultivated by his mind.

If we are to believe our sources, Pushkin's contemporary, the English poet Byron, who was lame, heroically swam the Hellespont in spite of his physical disability. Old age is also a kind of disability, and Leo Tolstoy overcame old age by going out riding every morning till the end of his long life, gray beard fluttering in the wind.

The feeling of one's own disharmony makes a person suspicious, jealous and spiteful, and such malevolence

crushes a person's inner capabilities. Often physically strong people behave unpleasantly because of a feeling of mental inadequacy and, conversely, people whose minds are well educated sometimes behave unpleasantly because of a feeling of physical inadequacy. Only a harmony of the two elements leads to kindness, and kindness is the fullest expression of one's humanity.

For that reason I am a most fervent supporter of sport with a capital S, and I pity people who are not fond of sport, as I do people who are mentally undeveloped. After all, sport helps to uncover not only physical potential but mental potential as well. In the 20th century the mind has a hard time, and in difficult moments the body can help the mind—and the other way round.

How many people in Nazi concentration camps were saved by physical exercises, which they did in spite of all difficulties? It is an interesting fact that in particularly strict camps exercise was forbidden. The guards knew that some

continued



Where Pushkin was: his disability went, and he would talk to it as if it were alive, calling it his fat little friend.

people survived only because of it. A certain Soviet pole-vaulter was a prisoner of war in a camp surrounded by electrified wire. One night he broke off a long pole on which a Nazi flag had been flying, and with its help leaped over the lethal wire and escaped. The famous goalkeeper Zhmelnov, of the Moscow Spartak team, who was a scout at the front line, was noted for his ability to catch enemy sentries without making any noise. He would creep up on a sentry and make one of his famous leaps. His goalkeeper's grasp served him well. I have read that John F. Kennedy, an athlete in his student years, was able to swim for hours once during the war, carrying a wounded comrade with him. Sport, which had been only a hobby for him, helped him in a real fight for his own and another person's life.

When the Ukraine was occupied, the Nazis arrested almost the entire Kiev football team and proposed that it play a match against a German army team. The invaders let it be understood that if the Ukrainians were soundly beaten, they would receive their freedom; but if they won, it would mean a bullet in the head. The Ukrainian footballers agreed to the match. When the news of this spread through the town many people called them traitors. The stadium where this historic game was to take place was filled with noisy Nazi soldiers and the silent populace of Kiev. For the Ukrainian footballers victory would be the equivalent of a death sentence. Every ball shot at the opponent's net was a bullet aimed at themselves. Nevertheless, the Ukrainians annihilated the Nazi team. After the match they were executed. People who saw this game said

that the Ukrainians played as never before. For them the game was an expression of their hatred of the enemy and a way of raising Kiev's morale, which had fallen after the destruction of the city and its occupation. Had they ever thought, these footballers, how dearly bought a victory on the football field could be? Sport helped them show the enemy and themselves the spiritual strength of their people.

I could give you many examples of how sport has helped men in dire situations. Builders of the hydroelectric station at Bratsk used to go aqualung swimming in the Angara River—as a hobby, naturally. But when the filters became blocked in the dam they had built, the men risked their lives by going underwater with aqualungs to clean up the filters. Thus they managed to save what they had created. A Moscow policeman who was a weightlifter in his free time once saw a bus full of people rolling downhill and realized that the driver could not do anything about it, since the brakes had given way. Catastrophe seemed inevitable. The policeman picked up a large stone and, throwing himself at the bus, managed to get the stone under a wheel. The policeman died, but the lives of the several dozen passengers were saved. So body helped mind, and mind, fortified by body, helped to save people.

I want to tell you about a man who is remarkable in all respects. He is a poet, Grigory Pozharyan. But he bears no resemblance to the usual notions of what a poet should be. He is only about five feet one, with slightly curving prehistoric legs, and has a sly, dark face, like a Greek cafe owner, with a neat, almost penciled mustache; but his hairy, powerful chest and python-like muscles practically

continued

HIS FOOTBALL COACH CALLED HIM A FOOL



Not since Khrushchev came to pound his shoe at the U.N. six years ago has a Russian made a more significant visit to this country than Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the young, irrepressible and son-etims stormy poet who is just now concluding a six-week tour of the United States. Only 33, Yevtushenko is the idol of Russia's younger generation. Crowds of 14,000 have packed a Soviet sports stadium to hear his flamboyant recitals, and early this year the doors of a Moscow theater were knocked down by students determined to listen to him. One of the leaders of liberal expression in Russia, he is a member of the board of editors of the magazine *Yuzhny* (Youth), a literary monthly so eagerly received that its circulation is in the 2,000,000 range. Nor has Yevtushenko's appeal been limited to Russia. His audience has proved so big as universal as the message of his poetry—in Australia his recitals outdrew the Bea-

ties. The esteem in which he is held by U.S. literary notables can best be judged by the fact that in his opening New York performance last month he was introduced by Arthur Miller and John Updike, while his old friend, John Steinbeck, sat in the first row of the audience.

One of the little-known facets of Yevtushenko's background is that he nearly became a football (soccer) player instead of a poet. The day after his first poem was published—in *Soviet Sport*—he reported, hung over, for his initial session with a famous coach. "I explained I had been celebrating my poem, and was abandoning sport as a profession," Yevtushenko recalls. "The coach said, 'You will be a great poet.' I asked why. 'Because to sacrifice the career I promised you, you have to be a fool, and all fools are poets.'" The coach's epigram is still savored by the man who might have been a Soviet football star.



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Pozhenyan always travels with a tiny suitcase in one hand and a dumbbell that he considers lightweight—50 pounds—in the other. He often strokes the dumbbell lovingly and talks to it as if it were a living creature: "Oh, my fat little friend." Pozhenyan's life story is truly fantastic. Perhaps it is enough to say that on one of the streets of Odessa there is a memorial plaque, where, among the names of heroes who gave their lives for their country, you will find that of Pozhenyan. He fought as a lad of 18 with the famous marine unit that the Germans called the Black Devils. Pozhenyan was thought to have been killed, but he was miraculously saved.

After the war, wearing his sailor's striped shirt and already carrying his dumbbell, Pozhenyan enrolled in the Literary Institute, where he went about more or less pushing his way through his poetic rivals with a twitch of his mighty shoulders. He liked boxing, unarmed combat and whirling his dumbbell around one finger. Sometimes condescending to do paperwork, he wrote elevated romantic poetry about the sea. He even took his dumbbell with him into the Institute and practiced with it during the breaks. During lectures and seminars the dumbbell rested at his feet like a pet animal.

Once, when his verse was being discussed in a seminar, somebody criticized it fairly strongly. Pozhenyan, unable to restrain himself, jumped up from his place with a growl and instinctively reached for a nonexistent Mäuser. Needing an outlet for his fury, he seized his dumbbell and, although he did not hurl it at the rash critic, he began raising and lowering it with alarming rapidity. The critic's eyes went up and down involuntarily, intently following the movements of the black mass of metal, and, as one might have expected, his critical fervor decreased. In any case, the critic's lips began to stammer something about the incontrovertible virtues of Pozhenyan's poetry, after which the dumbbell thumped back into place.

Those were tricky times, and it developed that Pozhenyan was asked to recant at a meeting of the Institute some supposedly "ideologically mistaken" poetry. But his thick sailor's neck would not permit him to bow his head. With his mighty tattooed arm Pozhenyan picked up one of his ideological opponents by the scruff of the neck, even though he was considerably larger, and threw him out of a third-floor window of the Institute right into a flower bed, where there was a neatly laid out portrait of Stalin in dahlias. Pozhenyan was called to the Institute director's office to explain his behavior. "You will never set foot in this Institute again!" announced the director furiously. When he heard that, Pozhenyan, pretending to take the director literally, stood on his hands and walked out of the director's office upside down.

Pozhenyan was expelled from the Institute, but he was

not discouraged. He went to work as a boilermaker, continuing to write poems and to exercise regularly with his dumbbell. "I just lift it for a while and life seems better," he would say. In the end Pozhenyan and the dumbbell triumphed. He was readmitted to the Institute, published several books of verse and wrote a number of songs that are sung throughout Russia, not only in concert halls but, even more important, on dark nocturnal streets by slightly tipsy working boys and girls.

At the moment Pozhenyan is directing a film for which he wrote the scenario. I once met him at an airport when he was about to go off on location. As always, his fashionable jacket was bursting at the seams, and under his jacket his sailor's striped shirt stood out proudly. In one hand was his tiny suitcase, in which, no doubt, aside from a shaving kit there was no more than his gym shoes, his skip-rope, his boxing gloves, his rubber ball and his chest expander, while in his other hand was his eternal companion—the dumbbell.

"Well, how is the movie business? Tough?" I asked. Pozhenyan winked at me slyly, and eyed his dumbbell.

"I just lift it and life seems better. My fat little friend!" he said. Then, slightly bowlegged, as though on the deck of a rocking ship, he lumbered off across the concrete to his airplane. I knew then: this fellow would never get lost.

I myself took up sport relatively late in life. I grew up in a peasant family in a Siberian settlement called Zima, and for people who spend all day dragging heavy sacks and felling ships' timbers it seems funny to strengthen one's physical condition through special exercises. I remember once when a visitor from Moscow came to see us. In the morning he began to behave in a strange way for one of his solid years. He went out into the yard and began jumping up and down and waving his hands around, without any rhyme or reason. At the time I did not understand that this was known as gymnastics, and I thought that our guest had gone out of his mind. My grandmother thought the same. She superstitiously made the sign of the cross in the direction of our visitor and, attempting to expel the devil from within him, whispered: "Begone, evil spirit!"

Thus the concept of sport was unknown to me in my childhood. It's true when I was a child I used to ski for 50 or 60 kilometers at a time, but not for fun. My friends and I used to break off cones from Siberian cedars in the hungry war years, and look in the snow for cranberries and whortleberries, made the sweeter by the frost. It's true that when I was young I was taken hunting, but, once again, it was by no means a leisure activity. It was a necessity of life. We used to hunt squirrels, sables and bears. Even now, when I see bears in a circus or a zoo, I feel vaguely guilty.

As a boy, I worked side by side with grown-ups, floating large logs down the shallow Siberian rivers. Of course, this was heavy labor, but, at the same time, it was a sport, a

continued



Such nice people, the Fellinis, and now this smooth Russian poet who drank all their wine is drowning before their eyes.

remarkably beautiful sport for those who were fearless. How much athletic skill you need to guide the rafts between the menacing rocks rushing toward you, cloudy with spray! Your legs grow into the raft, your arms into the rudder, and you and the raft together dance, whirl and leap on the swift current, playing with death. Yes, it was a sport, since true sport is always a duel: a duel with nature, with one's own fear, with one's own fatigue, a duel in which body and mind are strengthened. But I had one shortcoming: I could not swim. I carefully hid this from my friends, and in the early morning, the victim of vanity, I would go down to the river and try to teach myself to swim. I tried to learn all the styles according to the textbook—the breaststroke, the backstroke, the crawl, but the only one that came to me readily was the dog paddle. In the end, life itself became my swimming instructor.

When I was 14 I worked on a geological expedition in the Altai Mountains. One day, while carrying heavy rucksacks full of geological specimens, we were walking along a mountain path above a river. One of the geologists slipped and fell into the river. He tried to struggle against the cur-

rent but was unable to get his rucksack off, and the weight of it pulled him down. I did not stop to think. I took out my hunting knife and leaped into the water to save him. I got to him and with my knife cut through the straps of the rucksack. Then I helped him back to shore. It was only at this point that I remembered I could not swim.

Nowadays I am on the friendliest terms with water. I can swim 10 to 15 kilometers without stopping. I prefer the breaststroke. In Yugoslavia I learned to water-ski; it is one of the most splendid of sports. I like to hold onto the bar, lean backward, almost touching the water with my head, and see the sky and water mingle in one whirling, foaming mass. In the Crimea I learned to swim underwater with a spear gun. Truth to tell, I do not so much shoot as enjoy the remarkable beauty of a world that was previously concealed from me. Under the surface one has the feeling of being not in water but rather within a quivering, multicolored world of mystery.

I enjoy rowing, particularly canoeing, but the one water sport that I think is altogether beyond my powers is surfing. Last spring in Australia I stripped all the skin off my belly

continued

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trying one of the damn things. I could never manage to stand on the board and keep my balance. Perhaps my total inability to maintain a balance in life was betraying itself. Incidentally, while I was engaged in my fruitless struggle with the surfboard, someone on the beach said something several times in English into a loudspeaker, and all the swimmers hastened toward the shore with unanimous alacrity. In the innocence of my soul I thought it was the sacred lunch hour. Westerners, despite being—from the Soviet point of view—undisciplined psychologically, nevertheless have extremely disciplined stomachs. I alone remained in the sea, scornful of the herd instincts of Western stomachs, until a patrol boat roared up beside me and I was hauled in, together with my ill-fated surfboard. "Shark, shark, you bloody bastard!" the infuriated steersman yelled at me. By that time my appreciation of the English language had reached the point where I had a clear understanding of the words "bloody bastard," but I thought "shark" was some kind of Australian argot for "lunch," and I resented this forceful attempt to make me eat at a set time. After a while I discovered the meaning of the word "shark" and realized that I had nearly been somebody else's lunch.

Once I barely escaped drowning. I was staying with Fellini at his villa not far from Rome. It was late at night, and I love to swim at night. You feel as if you are pushing the stars aside with your body. Despite the protestations of Giulietta and Federico, I went into the sea. I had swum about 30 yards from shore when I suddenly felt a cramp in my left leg. I had no pin with me to jab into the cramped muscle. I tried to massage my leg, but the pain did not subside. I started to swim toward shore using only one leg, but that leg, too, was seized with a cramp. I thought my end was near. Perhaps you may think this a contrived afterthought, but, as god is my witness, all I could think of was how awkward it would be to drown in front of Giulietta and Federico. Such nice people, I thought, and this uncouth Russian

comes to visit them and drinks all their wine and now he goes and drowns. I sank my nails first into one leg, then into the other, until the blood came. What saved me was my long fingernails, which my wife is always scolding me about. The cramps stopped, and I got to shore, saying nothing to my hosts, of course. From that time on, I have never cut my nails too short, just to be prepared for anything. But it is much better to keep a pin in one's swimming trunks.

In any case, I love the water and everything connected with it, if we exclude drowned people, cramps and sharks.

What else do I like? I like the snow and the ice, and all kinds of winter sports. When I am tired of the routine cares of life and feel that I am growing petty and empty, I put on skis and go into the forest. The forest fills me with its stern beauty, which is not subject to mundane cares. There I can think about things, as if I were in a white church built by nature itself. In the forest I always think I am about to glimpse through the snowy branches a princess from a Russian fairy story, asleep in a crystal coffin.

I also learned to use Alpine skis. How fine it is to fly along on them over the glittering snow, clad only in shorts! I came to love the unexpectedness of turns, the steep drops and especially jumping. In some ways being a writer is like being an expert on Alpine skis: after a dizzying descent or a jump, one must clamb back up again and again in order to achieve an even more dizzying descent or even more terrifying jump. Perhaps this comparison of art with sport will seem somewhat crude to literary snobs but, after all, art, like sport, is a combat, and, above all, a combat with oneself. Real art, too, needs strong muscles. It is not insignificant that our great poet Blok said of his writing of the poem *Retribution*: "All the movement and development of the poem became closely linked for me with the development of my muscular system. Systematic manual labor develops, first of all, the muscle of one's arms, the so-called biceps, and afterward, gradually, the more subtle, more delicate and more thinly spaced

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network of muscles on one's chest, on one's back and under one's shoulder blades. This rhythmic and gradual growth of muscles became the rhythm of the whole poem."

When I write verse there is an element of mountain climbing in it: any new line is like a step cut into the thickness of unyielding ice with an ax, so that one may stand on it and cut another. In the frightening resistance of the thematic material there is an element of freestyle wrestling, the question of who is going to be thrown—I or the theme. In the furious rhythm of verse I feel like a wall-of-death rider who is welded to the motorcycle shuddering beneath him. Allegorical verses are like drizzling and fainting at football, a ruse to lead the defenders astray so that you can kick the ball into the rival's goal.

A word about football. It played a great role in my life, and I am ready, in gratitude, to kiss the ball right on its chubby cheeks. When I began playing, a bundle of rags served as a ball, or sometimes a tin can. But later on the real thing, made of leather, appeared on the scene. I would play truant from school to meet my friends on some empty lot, and we would play for hours at a time, until we were exhausted. The goals were usually constructed from a pile of school briefcases, the exercise books lying aside within. I played on a team from our block, one that later produced many well-known footballers. I certainly never guessed that I would become a poet, and could only foresee a future on the football field. I remember a match that we played against the team from Maryina Roshecha, a suburb of Moscow famous for its roughnecks. Our opponents were solidly built guys with low foreheads and modish haircuts. They were impressively tattooed with sayings like, "Never forget mother," "Death to the Nazis," as well as pictures of grinning skulls and bearded mermaids. On their bodies our opponents bore, as proudly as if they were decorations, the scars of numberless battles. Our street scouts informed us that under their football socks some of our opponents had hidden homemade knives,

so as to be ready for any emergency. Their team even had a threatening name: the Destroyers.

We played on a large vacant lot behind a vodka distillery, where we had made ourselves goals out of rusty rails. Several hundred spectators assembled, among them the Maryina Roshecha fans, who could be distinguished by their grain conspiratorial air. This clique was headed by a one-eyed fellow of about 30, known as "Billy Bones." He was a rag-and-bone man by trade, but by inclination he was a drunkard and bandit. From the very start of the match the Destroyers set out to justify their name. Hardly had our center forward received the ball when he howled from the pain of a kick on the shin. Subsequently, our best defender was surreptitiously stuck down by a knee to the groin, whereupon he rolled unconscious on the ground for some minutes. I was the goalkeeper, and when I jumped into the air to catch a high ball two of the Destroyers came at me at once from opposite sides. "Watch out, Zhenya!" came a desperate yell from some girls—ice-cream vendors who were reasonably well informed about the forbidden tactics of football. But it was too late. I found myself smashed in mid-air between two Destroyers and felt something crunch inside me. I fell down, incapable of moving.

"He's pretending!" yelled Billy Bones hoarsely.

"He's pretending!" shouted his obedient choros.

I lay there, and in front of me the boot of the captain of the Destroyers was smugly tapping the ground. That smug, hostile boot gave me the strength I needed. I got up and stood in my goal again. As the end of the game neared, all our players were covered with bruises and scars. However, there had been no score. The Destroyers were almost mad with rage. In a tense moment one of our defenders was foolish enough to stop the ball with his hand. This led to the most alarming moment possible for a goalkeeper—a penalty kick. The captain of the Destroyers spun the ball around in his hands, slapped it on its sides, spat

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136TH

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ROBERT W. LADD, Secretary
200 Berkeley Street, Boston

YEVTUSHENKO *continued*

upon it and put it on the penalty spot. I got myself ready.

At that very moment Billy Bones made an imperious sign to his henchmen with his fingers, and I felt a sharp blow on my face, then another, then a third. The fans of the Destroyers were shooting small stones at me from slingshots. The whole thing was happening in the best Latin American fashion. I was half blind from the pain and could see practically nothing beyond the ball sitting there motionless. Maybe that helped me.

The captain of the Destroyers put on his fiercest expression, ran up and shot. I don't know how it happened, but the ball came into my hands. Billy Bones looked furious. The captain of the Destroyers came up to me with a sweet smile on his face and put out his hand to congratulate me. I was a little surprised at such a miraculous transformation in character of the Destroyers but, in the simplicity of my heart, I stretched out my hand in response. Then, continuing to smile just as sweetly, the captain of the Destroyers, unseen by the people standing nearby, painfully squeezed my hand until it crunched and then twisted it a little, at the same time trying to kick the ball out of my other hand with his foot. At that point I went into some kind of trance as a result of my just fury. I tore myself away and rushed forward with the ball, keeping it at my feet. I jumped over the outstretched legs of opponents trying to trip me. A piece of my shirt remained behind in the hands of one of the Destroyers who had vainly attempted to slow me down by whatever means he could. I was peppered from slingshots, but I no longer felt pain. Finally, having covered the whole field, I weaved past the Destroyer goalkeeper as well. But, out of a feeling of sadistic vengeance, I did not shoot the goal immediately. I stopped the ball on the goal line and turned around so that my back was to it and I was facing the Destroyers, who were rushing toward me with contorted, tense faces. I stood as if at attention, bowed my head slightly and, still hit by the slingshots, waited. When the Destroyers were upon me I

continued



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YEVTUSHENKO • *Continued*

lightly pushed the ball into the net with my heel. The referee's whistle sounded, proclaiming the end of the match, and our victory. A second later I was under a pile of the Destroyers, who managed to kick and punch me several times in the melee. Pulling furiously, the captain of the Destroyers pulled his knife out from behind his shin pad. The street scouts had been right. The other Destroyers' knives came out, too. It looked as if I was finished. But then Billy Bones suddenly appeared on the field. He took the knife away from the Destroyer captain, threw it at my feet and made a sign to the other Destroyers to do the same.

The Destroyers, who looked crushed, came up to our men and threw their knives, too, on the ground. It was like the unconditional surrender of the Germans at Stalingrad. From that day on, I have never trusted enemies who extend their hands to me with sweet smiles, as if to congratulate me. I know that at any moment they might grip my hand, twist it and try to knock the ball out of my arms.

I played football until I was 16. I reached the first rank and had a brilliant future in sports prophesied for me. But, as it turned out, my first verses were published at that time—as a matter of fact, they were about sport—and my life moved from the expanse of the football field to the narrow, smoky corridors of publishing houses, where, incidentally, my experience in weaving around defenders and in stopping penalty kicks, as well as that unforgettable handshake, proved to be of use to me on many occasions.

It somehow happened that from the society of athletes I fell into a society where the only sport was card-playing. From 16 to 18 I played cards for money practically every night but, fortunately, I managed to get out of that particular company, and I consider cards one of the most repulsive and soul-denuding occupations. Alas, a newly acquired bad habit remained with me from these card games: smoking, which I am still unable to give up, no matter how often I try.

continued

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STRANGE HARBOR WHISKEY • 40 & 50 PROOF
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Later, when I was a student at the Institute, I skated and played volleyball and basketball. I relished cycling and spent quite a bit of time on the bicycle track. I particularly liked riding out on my bicycle in springtime to look for wild cherry blossoms. I would tie an enormous bunch of the cherry branches to my handlebars and ride back to Moscow with my face in the bouquet.

For several years I played table tennis avidly, and in that I also reached championship caliber. Some people have a prejudiced attitude toward this sport, but they are wrong. Table tennis is a splendid game, with a tremendous psychological as well as physical tension about it. The fairly small area of the table and the lightning movement of the tiny ball provide marvelous lessons in concentration. Even now, when I am in a bad mood, I take a table-tennis paddle and play for several hours to knock any nonsense out of myself and be able to concentrate again.

At Cambridge University, I had an amusing experience. There was still an hour before I was due to read my verse in front of the students, and, as I wandered about the university, I came upon a table-tennis game. I asked the students if I could have a try, and they graciously agreed to let me have the next turn. The boy who was my opponent seemed to me not a particularly good player—his style was defensive, without any strong attacking moves. He proposed that we keep score. I looked at the clock and agreed to play a three-set match. "Moscow vs. Cambridge," said the referee jokingly. We started off. Suddenly this unimpressive youth was transformed. He began placing the ball right, left and center, cutting it and hitting unexpected shots. In brief, I realized I was pitted against a first-rate player.

But Moscow vs. Cambridge having been declared, I had to keep my end up, come what may. The room had meanwhile filled with students. They were evidently cheering me on, and that gave me confidence. But the other boy was simply unstoppable. He won almost every

continued

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IMPORTED...BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

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YEVTUSHENKO *continued*

point. I was wet through, took off my shirt and shoes and played in socks. But even my striptease was no help. I was hopelessly behind. Then I noticed that my opponent had weakened his shots and was yielding to me somewhat. Evidently he felt rather sorry for me, and, in addition, traditional English politeness was playing its part. Admittedly, I lost every game, but by a respectable score—only a difference of one or two points. The students noisily acclaimed my honorable defeat as if it had been a victory for me; apparently, this quiet boy was the champion of Cambridge. I invited them all to my poetry reading. "Well, I don't really know much about poetry," modestly murmured the table-tennis player, but he came along anyway. And that was how I happened to give a poetry recital at Cambridge while soaked with sweat. After my reading the Cambridge champion came up to me and said with a smile, "Well, you won this time, perfectly fairly. And I wasn't giving in easily." Since then I have begun to play proper tennis. I am still an amateur at it, though an amateur who tries very hard.

What other sports do I indulge in? I enjoy hunting, if that can be counted as sport. To be frank, my hunting is hindered by a somewhat exaggerated sentimentality. I suffer from paroxysms of pity for the dead birds and animals and from paroxysms of disgust with myself because of this. But one type of hunting is really to be considered a sport. I mean hunting capercaillie grouse during the spring mating season.

For those who have only the vaguest idea of what it is like, I shall explain. As a rule, grouse have remarkably keen senses. But at certain moments, when they are making their spring mating calls, they hear nothing at all for a few seconds except their own song. You have to go into the forest while it is still dark, hide somewhere with your gun and wait for dawn. When somewhere far away an invisible grouse pronounces its first "tock, tock," it is too early to move. The bird is still able to hear. When it sings the second time, a speeded-up version

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And of course **LIFE** hasn't forgotten people. We asked the citizens of Chico, California, to show you some of the delightful shots families take of themselves. We asked one **LIFE** photographer to tell you how to "think" your way to better pictures. And we've assembled some anecdotes of what famous photographers had happen to them in the taking of their pictures.

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YEVTUSHENKO *continued*

of "tock, tock," it is time to get ready to run in the direction of its voice, but you should by no means move as yet. Then, in the next few seconds when the grouse's note has changed to a gurgling sound, you must run as fast as you can, but as soon as the gurgling stops you must freeze in whatever inconvenient posture you find yourself in. Once I stood on one leg for about 10 minutes in a swampy mire waiting for the bird to sing again. Running like this through branches that hit you in the face and through biting insects as you listen to the constantly changing rhythm of the mating call gives you an extraordinary feeling of primitive union with nature. On my first such occasion, after running madly with interruptions of half an hour or so, I saw the grouse in front of me regally enthroned on a branch, with the dawn as its orange-colored back cloth, glittering black like a lump of coal, spreading its tail like a peacock, sibilantly voicing its song of love—and I lowered my shotgun.

Hunting is precious to me precisely because of this feeling of oneness with nature, a feeling we lose in the canyon-like streets of modern cities. Sad as it is to admit, hunting is being enraptured with nature and at the same time murdering it. Still, I am unable to renounce hunting—the voice of my ancestors is stronger than all my vegetarian, sentimental gnawings of conscience.

Rock-climbing is also a sport I enjoy very much. I like the feel of the rope binding me to my comrades somewhere near the clouds. I like to feel the sensation of conquering the sky, although, in the final analysis, it always wins the victory over us.

Of the so-called intellectual types of sport, I once enjoyed chess, although I have stopped playing it now. Lenin is supposed to have said about chess: "For a game it is too serious, but it is too much of a game to be taken seriously." Perhaps that is true. I once asked one of the challengers for the world championship, Boris Spassky, "Tell me, don't you sometimes find that as a result of playing chess you have acquired the habit of

continued



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YEVTUSHENKO *continued*

working out in advance all your moves in life, too? Doesn't that interfere with life's spontaneity?" Spassky thought for a while and answered, "Well, yes, perhaps that does happen. It's true that I am sometimes too calculating in certain situations in life. But life is the sort of opponent who occasionally makes such unexpected moves that no matter how much you want to, you can never think up a reply to it in advance."

As I said earlier, I was amazed as a child at our strange Moscow visitor who indulged in gymnastics. But now gymnastics has become my trustiest ally. If I did not do physical exercises, I should certainly never have been able to keep up the appallingly hectic tempo of my life. No matter how tired I may be beforehand, no matter at what hour I have gone to bed, no matter how much I may have drunk the night before, every morning I make myself do some exercises. Regardless of the weather I go out in the street with my black spaniel, Fedka, and the two of us run for two or three kilometers and roll in the snow together in winter. Afterward, I go back home, and for about 40 minutes I work out with two small Indian clubs (I have a long way to go before I can match Pozhenyan's magical dumbbell). I usually accompany this with music. Then I start working.

In summary, I love sport because I love life, and sport is one of the basic joys of life. Life is not very generous with its joys—they have to be seized by force. And to seize things by force, a sound mind and sound muscles are needed. Symbolically speaking, had I not been an athlete, I would have succumbed long ago to the many blows that life sooner or later deals out to everybody. But I have a good abdominal press, as they say.

Even unsymbolically, the same is true. Late one night a year ago I was walking home through the dark alleyways of Palermo when three nice fellows attacked me with not-so-nice Sicilian knives. Had I not been an athlete, you would not be reading my story today. **END**

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Season's Greetings to Steeler Fans
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17, 18, 19, and 20 Behind the Bench)

Remember, Only One Game Left
To Get in Your Boos

Don't Miss the Fun!

Many Happy Boos for 1966
Your fine, outstanding
right tackle
—Charlie Bradshaw

Filled with yuletide spirit, Charlie Bradshaw composed the above ad copy last December and, until several friends talked him out of it, was prepared to purchase space in Pittsburgh sports pages as the season drew to a close. "I was really serious about it," he says. Off the field Charlie has made a number of friends in Pittsburgh, so he is not entirely bitter toward the city. Even when loudmouths behind the bench urge him to drop dead he does not return their sentiments in kind. He simply would like five minutes alone with each of them—in a telephone booth.

Bradshaw is a lumbering, stoop-shouldered, 30-year-old Texan, 6 feet 6 and 255 pounds, with a yellow crew cut and an oddly chiseled face that resembles John Nance Garner's, without wrinkles or stooge. As an offensive tackle he belongs to a category of football players who are as obscure as they are huge. They labor in a forest of arms and legs and clanking helmets, and their victories are often nothing more than the deadlock that spares the passer from an end who is bent on slaughtering him. Yet alone among all the National Football League's offensive tackles—in fact, alone among all those who have passed through history—Charles Marvin Bradshaw has a following. True his following is like the bounds that Charlie used to send tearing after coon in East Texas. But why quibble about recognition?

"At least they know you're out there," Charlie was told last year by Dan James, his counterpart on the left side of the line. Working his eighth year in Steeler uniform, James added, "They don't even know my name."

The catcalls hurled at Charlie are not mere persiflage delivered in a pious spirit. Until the Steelers discontinued pregame introductions, the announcement of his name was voluminously booed. Fans

keep a close check on the state of his uniform and from time to time admonish, "Ya oughta be ashamed to pick up ya pay, Mr. Cleat!" For Charlie, the current NFL season opened exactly according to form, as soon as the P.A. announcer at Pitt Stadium introduced the starting lineup. Polite applause greeted the first five men who trotted to midfield. "And now," said Charlie, turning to a teammate on the sideline, "a nice robust hoo for Bradshaw." It thundered down on him from every section in the stadium and hung in the air like the bedlam of a train passing through a tunnel.

On the enemy bench Jim Katewage, the New York Giants' defensive end, who would spend the afternoon trying to knock Bradshaw over, was baffled. "He's a helluva tackle and a nice guy," said Katewage. "He and Bob Brown of the Eagles are about the two best I've played against in the Eastern Division. Why in the world do they hoo him?"

The exact origins of Charlie's unpopularity can be traced, all right, but not easily.

Far from being villainous, he is weeped in the traditional American virtues. He grew up on a small, hilly farm, the only child of Foy and Evilla Bradshaw. "My mother is 5 feet 11," Charlie says, "and she could plow better than anyone I've ever seen. She'd take a lunch into the field and plow from daylight to dark. I was taught that when you do something do it right. And I was taught to be truthful and honest. If I ever got caught in a lie I got my rear end whipped."

Determined to play high school football even though practice would cause him to miss the school bus, Charlie hitchhiked five miles every day from Center, the seat of Shelby County, and then walked five more miles down a lonely dirt road, arriving home hungry about 9 p.m. Foy Bradshaw decided his son was silly to go to such lengths to participate in a fool's pastime, so he yanked him off the team. Only when the coach promised to get Charlie a ride home did Foy relent, thereby launching his son on the road to ignominy.

Playing end for the Center High Roughriders, Charlie and a promising halfback from town—a skinny kid named Del Shofner—led the team to the state playoffs in their senior year and then played on to Baylor University at Waco, Texas.

George Sauer, the Baylor coach, im-



The boos of the crowds forever ring in the ears of the Steelers' tackle, Charlie Bradshaw (above)

Pittsburgh's Patient Whipping Boy

by MYRON COPE

mediately made Charlie a tackle. "It was a nightmare at first," says Charlie. "I was long and skinny, as tall as I am now, but only 200 pounds or so, and, particularly when I was on defense, people would fold me up like an accordion." But the family virtue—a love of hard work—earned the day at Baylor, just as it would in 1958 in the Los Angeles Rams' training camp, where Coach Sid Gillman was so impressed by Charlie's hustle that he decided to carry an extra tackle. Charlie's love of hard work helped, too, when he labored through four off-seasons for a degree in law. In 1965 he passed the Texas bar examination with a grade of 86—the highest in his class at Baylor and only three points less than the highest in the state.

Thus far the Charlie Bradshaw saga reveals absolutely no motive behind the vituperation that burns Charlie's large ears in Pittsburgh. Superstitious Buddy

continued

Parker, unaware that Charlie had been born on Friday the 13th, brought him to the Steelers in exchange for a high draft choice in 1961 and found him a coach's delight. Except for two games that Charlie missed because of a shoulder separation, he has played every game, injured or not. Quick enough to be a quarter-mile in high school, shrewd at anticipating an enemy's move, Charlie made the Eastern Conference's Pro Bowl squad in both 1963 and 1964, whereupon the following year he discovered that Pittsburghers are apt to look upon Steelers the way the Son of the Sheik looked upon women; today's plum is tomorrow's prune.

The day the booing started Charlie was shocked and stunned. "Why me?" he asked himself. He could not have fanned up a season that had not yet begun. He had not beaten his wife in front of the U.S. Steel Building. Indeed, why him?

The answer begins in the NFL record book. There it says that in none of the 33 years that the Steelers have drawn breath on this earth have they won a championship, or even a division title. It is said that records are made to be broken, but this one looks like a canch bet to live on through eternity, and it is certainly an item that has frayed Pittsburgher nerves. Snapped them, in fact.

Frustrated to the breaking point, Steeler fans needed a scapegoat, a man upon whom they could rain epithets until they got the venom out of their systems. The quarterback was a logical choice, so for a while, in the early '60s, the scapegoat was Jim Finks ("Finks stinks!") and then, as the '60s turned into the '60s, it was Bobby Layne. As Charlie Bradshaw himself recalls, "My second year with the club we were doing pretty well. Layne was having a good year, and we were on our way to finishing second. One Sunday we were playing the Redskins and Bobby started to throw a screen, but just as he turned the ball loose he got clobbered. He was knocked cold. As we carried him off the field on a stretcher the fans booed him. Right there I said to myself, 'This has to be the toughest group of fans in the country.'"

Club Owner Art Rooney and Bradshaw himself readily acknowledge that the Pittsburgh fan has a case. They appreciate that last year's attendance—an average of 32,605 per game—demonstrated public perseverance in the face of

utter hopelessness. The fans had hung in there booing and heaping their scorn in 1964 upon Layne's successor at quarterback, Ed Brown. But last year a new coach, Mike Nixon, decided to open the season with another quarterback, 24-year-old Billy Nelsen, who had ridden the bench for two years. Callow and untried, Nelsen did not strike the fans as a target worthy of their efforts. Who, then, would they boo?

Aha, here was Charlie Bradshaw, bigger than life, a giant who could not hide, an oak tree in a line that resembled a row of beer kegs. Furthermore, every man who in his lifetime had been served a process or plunged into legal morass would be delighted to hoo a lawyer. But here was the principal motive: a Steeler you could not wipe out of sight. You had to hate him.

Experts on human behavior may ponder the following phenomenon: no command to boo Charlie passed through the city in advance of the season opener; no meetings were held or leaflets passed. Yet—as if by some marvel of telepathy, some miracle of ESP—thousands suddenly booed in unison when Charlie answered the P.A. announcer's call.

Now that the fans had chosen Charlie to fill their deep-seated need to hate, they set about justifying their choice. Just look at that oaf, they said. Look at him charging forward with his head up and his big behind sticking out (in the view of coaches, letter-perfect form) and his mouth hanging open. Even worse, the fans noted that no matter how many Steelers had been run into the ground by an enemy charge Charlie usually remained on his feet. The fact is that Charlie does not care to have people knock him down, and he has the strength to see that they don't.

When the 1965 season had run its course Charlie made tracks out of town and began 1966 on a satisfying note. In January NFL athletes elected him president of their Players' Association. Soon after, he joined the Houston law firm of Talbert, Giesse, Barnett & Stone and, although a rookie, was immediately entrusted to argue negligence and accident cases before District Court, the state's highest trial court. By July, when he reported to training camp, he had gone undefeated in four trials—operating on defense, by the way. Then he set aside his conservative courtroom attire, cleaned out his desk in the State National Build-

ing, accepted a raise from Art Rooney, and presented himself for another season of abuse.

This time he was philosophical. Said Charlie: "You get to thinking, 'How many offensive tackles in the history of football have been booed?' The answer is none. In fact, people don't know their names. So I would say I've been tendered quite an honor, a place of high esteem. One of football's most important values is the opportunity it gives people to get out and release pent-up frustrations. Maybe their wives or their bosses have been picking on them. So you see, I'm of great therapeutic value to the American public."

Still the occasional urge to climb into the stands poses a certain frustration to Charlie himself, and he has toyed with a couple of ideas under the heading of self-therapy. He has considered communicating to the crowd via a series of long banners that he would unroll from time to time. "Come on, now," one would read toward the close of the game, "give a big boo for Bradshaw. It's your last chance." Also, Charlie thought he might assign Equipment Manager Tony Parisi to paint him with a bucketful of mud in full view of the crowd.

Bill Austin, a tough Vince Lombardi disciple who succeeded Mike Nixon as Steeler coach, is satisfied with Charlie, laundered or filthy. "Charlie has been having a real good year," he told Vice-President Dan Rooney not long ago, and Rooney himself goes further. "I think Charlie has had the best year of his career." After opening day Rooney told his P.A. announcer to discontinue pregame introductions, because "it's a waste of time." And besides, Rooney adds, possibly with Bradshaw in mind, the introductions invite ugliness.

The scowling Austin, who appears tougher than he really is, has taken some of the heat off Charlie. The fans appear to have been soothed by visions of Austin flogging the Steeler players with a bullwhip or in some way making their lives miserable. So the fans have lately contented themselves with a smattering of brief insults to Charlie. There is hope that next year the insults will be even briefer. Last month Charlie won his first case in a Pittsburgh court when he defended a man charged with malicious mischief. The fans' verdict on Charlie Bradshaw may also be coming around to not guilty.

END

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH 1. LOUISVILLE (3-0) 2. NORTH CAROLINA (3-0) 3. VANDERBILT (4-0)

Everybody knows that visitors almost never win in Lexington, but Illinois missed the message. Rack Jones and Deon Flessner cracked Kentucky's man-to-man defense for 32 points in the first half and, when the Wildcats went to a 1-3-1, the Illini guards played cat-and-mouse with them. Despite 40 points by Kentucky sharpshooter Louie Dampier, Illinois won 98-97 on Jones's two foul shots in overtime. The result left Coach Adolph Rupp steaming, mostly because Forward Pat Riley was whittled for three fouls within 32 seconds in the first half and sat out for 25 minutes. "I never saw anything like it," said Rupp. "I was almost getting disgusted with the refereeing."

Two nights later it was Illinois' Harry Combes who was disgusted. His team had won VANDERBILT in an 88-88 tie—quite a feat in Morgantown—when Dave Reaser fired a jump shot at the buzzer. "Too late," screamed Combes. "Too bad," said the officials. The Mountaineers won 90-88.

A "Hokie" that got away came back to haunt Virginia Tech. Paul Long, who transferred to Wake Forest when Coach Howie Shannon arrived in Blacksburg three years ago, scored 28 points, the last eight in overtime, to beat Tech 75-75. Long was just as hot against VANDERBILT—he scored 36—but Wake Forest's defense fell apart as Vandy's Bob Warren and Tom Hagan went on a spree. Warren got 30 points, Hagan 26 and Vanderbilt won easily 88-82.

NORTH CAROLINA, with Bob Lewis denting out 10 injuries, 6-foot-11 Rusty Clark dragging down 19 rebounds and Larry Miller shooting in 28 points, trounced Tulane 92-69. North Carolina State tried a slowdown against MARYLAND, but it failed as State got only one field goal in the last 17:54 and lost 54-38. But the Terps had troubles, too.

SOUTH CAROLINA's Jack Thompson stole the ball from Maryland with a misue to play, was fouled and then made both shots to win for the Gamecocks 65-63.

LOUISVILLE rolled over Southwestern Louisiana 107-68 but Southern Illinois, collapsing around Louisville's Westley Unseld (who still had 21 points and 28 rebounds) and working adroitly for the good shot, gave the Cards a time. Louisville finally won 70-66 on sophomore Butch Beard's five points in a second overtime. WESTERN KENTUCKY beat Tampa easily 123-57.

THE MIDWEST 1. MICHIGAN STATE (4-0) 2. KANSAS (5-0) 3. CINCINNATI (3-0)

It is different at MICHIGAN, now that Cazzie Russell is no longer stomping the rickety boards of old Yost Field House. Coach Dave Strack, in fact, is willing to settle for upsets, and last week he pulled off two doozies. Taller Houston outrebounded Michigan 80-40, but the Cougars shot miserably, and the peppery Wolverines stole off with an 86-75 win. Then they went after Davidson's big men with a daring, stabbing press that forced the Wildcats into 19 errors. Sophomore Dennis Stewart, benched for sleeping through a Strack meeting, came in to score 22 points, and Michigan won again 71-68. "We outkicked them," said Strack. But the Wolverines were themselves outkicked by ROWLING GREEN, 90-83.

Northwestern and KENTUCKY went at it like pros, trading baskets furiously. Northwestern, however, had only one Jim Burns; Kentucky had Louie Dampier and Pat Riley. Burns got 34 points, Riley 33, Dampier 32 and Riley's two free throws with two seconds to go won it for the Wildcats 118-116.

With Coach John Benington trying desperately to soft pedal his team's potential, MICHIGAN STATE continued to roll. Even after the Spartans smashed South Dakota 81-54 and Wichita State 103-68, Benington was saying, "It was misleading. We aren't really that good."

KANSAS, in a big week, murdered Ohio State 94-70, then swept Florida State 62-48 and Baylor 68-56 in two Sunflower doubleheaders. In the other halves, KANSAS STATE beat Baylor 77-70 and FSU 81-58. NEBRASKA put its biggest men on Pacific's Keith Swagerty, socked the Tigers with a cloying full-court press and beat them 90-78.

CINCINNATI, allowing well-coached Miami of Ohio to force it into a control game, had to go into overtime to win 45-44. BRADLEY whipped Murray State 108-85 and USC 102-97 as Joe Allen scored 45 points. LOYOLA of Chicago and DAYTON looked to be the best of the midwestern independents. Loyola battered North Dakota 103-79 and Illinois Wesleyan 89-68 while Dayton beat Miami of Ohio 80-71 and Eastern Kentucky 104-82.

THE EAST 1. BOSTON COLLEGE (4-0) 2. ST. JOHN'S (2-0) 3. PROVIDENCE (3-0)

La Salle's young team learned the hard facts of basketball life at NAGARA. Outrebound-

ed by the eager Eagles—Manny Leaks pulled down 25—the Explorers fell into 11 charging fouls when Niagara stayed back on defense. The Eagles wrecked La Salle's zone, used three shuttling guards to hold Hubie Marshall to 13 points and won 72-69.

BOSTON COLLEGE was still winning, but not with ease. Little Fairfield had the Eagles by 11 at half time before Steve Adelman, who scored 26 points, pulled BC away to a 93-76 victory. It took a while too, before Boston's first break did in Connecticut, 87-69. PROVIDENCE also had problems but Jimmy Walker, as usual, solved them. He got 22 points to lead the Friars past stubborn Brown 76-72 and 29 more as Providence licked St. Francis (N.Y.) 72-62. ST. JOHN'S proved too much for Holy Cross as Sonny Dove piled up 24 points during a 77-60 win, and VALE was just as tough on the Crusaders, beating them 90-73.

New York's first Madison Square Garden doubleheader was a dismal flop for the home team. NAVY outscored Manhattan 73-68, while MARQUETTE whipped NYU 79-63. But Marquette went down in Philadelphia's noisy Palestra when it was upset 80-78 by VILLANOVA on sophomore Frank Gillen's shot with eight seconds to go. TEMPLE and ST. JOSEPH'S were still unbeaten. The Owls took Lehigh 71-50, Scranton 92-68 and Canisius 74-72; St. Joe's won over Georgetown 86-82 and St. Francis (Pa.) 83-71.

SYRACUSE, using a tough zone press, run over Cornell 99-67 and Army 86-63, while BUTGERS overpowered Colgate 118-75 (a school record) as Bob Lloyd ran his consecutive foul shot streak to 29. PRINCETON played slowdown with Villanova and won 48-37, then played quick-up with Colgate, winning 110-72.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS WESTERN (5-0) 2. HOUSTON (4-1) 3. TEXAS (3-1)

TEXAS WESTERN Coach Don Haskins, piqued by his team's lackadaisical attitude, began throwing his considerable weight around last week. He suspended backcourt star Bobby Joe Hill "indefinitely"—for failing to turn in his grade card, Haskins said—and the Miners overwhelmed East Texas State 61-30. Hill, however, was back for tough little Pan American, and a good thing, too. The Bronchos shot 80% in the first 10 minutes of the second half and at one time had an eight-point lead. The Miners eventually squeaked through 67-65. Two nights later in Dallas SMU harassed Texas Western with a 2-1-2 zone that shut off the middle. But little Willie Workley stomped the Mustangs with his good outside shooting, giving "Daddy D" Latin room to maneuver the got 21 points, and the Miners won their fifth straight, 71-62. "We handled the ball better," conceded Haskins.

There was some solace for SMU, a shaky SWC favorite. Down by 13 points at the half, the Mustangs rallied in an earlier game to beat Oklahoma City 81-78 on three final shots by Denny Holman in the last 11 seconds. It shook up Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons, who observed mournfully, "This is the worst team I've ever had."

Independent JCSUS, pennant after its loss to Michigan, whipped Southwest Louisiana 98-81 and Hawaii 93-59.

THE WEST 1. UTAH (3-0) 2. NEW MEXICO (4-0) 3. BRIGHAM YOUNG (3-0)

The other AAWU teams could hardly take hope from the way Lennie Alonzo and his UCLA colleagues smushed Duke 108-54 and 107-67 (page 42), but they were sharpening up for the race for second place. Washington State, expected to lead the also-rans, showed fire power in a 116-79 bombing of Montana State while co-captain playing Coach Rene Herreñas' new running game, downed Oklahoma 108-81 for a school record and then reverted to its old ways to beat San Francisco 59-51. Defending champion Oregon State, playing the disciplined defense and ball-control game Coach Paul Valente prefers, beat Portland 64-44 as 6-foot-5 Loy Peterson scored 22 points.

Idaho State Coach Claude Retherford raised a storm when his team was called for foul-tending against Oregon. He was banned from the bench and his Bengals took a 107-68 pasting. Was he angry later? No, philosophical. "The officials called a good game," said Retherford calmly. "But there seemed to be a personality clash between us."

NEW MEXICO's Bob Kuttig went back to his old reliable 1-3-1 control offense, and it beat Loyola of Los Angeles 77-59. But Texas Tech had the Lobos 13-28 at half time. Then point-man Don Hoover began getting the ball to Mel Daniels and Frank Judge. Daniels got 25 points, Judge 19 and New Mexico pulled ahead 80-59. But the Lobos may be in for trouble in the Western AC. BRIGHAM YOUNG, running hard, pressing relentlessly and with its big men sweeping the boards (they got 77 rebounds against St. Mary's), took Denver 87-64 and the Gaels 108-57. Utah went down for the first time, to COLORADO 98-89, but won on upset Nebraska 102-98 before losing to TEXAS 91-87 in overtime. The Hornedogs also surprised Colorado State 77-64. ARIZONA STATE upset Creighton 75-49.

UTAH STATE Coach L. Edell Andersen was worried. His Aggies were winning but they were losing the battle of the boards to everybody. So, against Loyola of I.A. he moved 7-foot Larry Hunter from a high to a low post. The big fellow improved his rebounding and triggered a fast break that trounced the Lions 112-66.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PARSEGHIAN (ADD)

Sirs:

On the contents page of your Dec. 5 issue, the entry for the article, *Fischer Would Rather Fight*, concerning the Chess Olympics contains a subtle reference to Coach Ara Parseghian and his decision to settle for a tie in the Michigan State game. Not only was this uncalled for and pointless, but the article that it introduces does more to vindicate Parseghian than to condemn him. Bobby Fischer could have settled for a draw in his last game, thereby winning the gold medal for outstanding individual performance. He didn't, and he lost both the game and the medal. Is that what you wanted?

EDWARD CHING

Honolulu

Sirs:

"Offered a draw in a crucial match at the Chess Olympics, the U.S. champ proved he was no Parseghian."

I thought it was just Don Jenkins, but it now appears that SE as a whole finds Ara Parseghian a compromiser. I can't blame you for failing to understand that Parseghian thinks of his team before he thinks of sports-writers, but your insistence upon coining the word Parseghian to mean quitter is irritating, to say the least.

ANNE STEWART IMPINK

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

A new term has entered into our country club's golf talk. It is called the Parseghian. It is used when you play the silliest of safeties and settle for the easy tie, instead of trying to win.

RICHARD J. KRENSA

Lombard, Ill.

Sirs:

Ara Parseghian's one moment of weakness may cost him an immortality that will outlive football annals. Some liberal person who writes dictionaries may incorporate the word Parseghian into the English language. The name, like Hercules', readily lends itself to use as an adjective. Opposed to a Herculean effort, a Parseghian effort would be "weak-willed, compromising, exorbitant." The thought that centuries from now, the word may be used in a derogatory manner should make Coach Parseghian reconsider his ways. But he had better hurry to the dictionary publishers!

MIKE DAVIS

University Park, Pa.

Sirs:

You were correct in your statement that Bobby Fischer "was no Parseghian." Bobby

Fischer lost. Ara Parseghian won. It's nice to be romantic and daring, but it's nice to win. If he had tried to score in the last minutes, Parseghian might easily have thrown away the national title Notre Dame deserved, just as Bobby Fischer threw away the gold medal he deserved.

Urbana, Ill.

BANK AND FILE

Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent College Basketball Issue of Dec. 5. I was especially interested in the won-lost records of conference vs. nonconference teams during the past three years. By converting these won-lost records to a percentage basis, one can establish a standing for the 14 conferences. Here are my results:

1 WAC	.716	8 Yankee	.562
2 MVC	.683	9 MAC	.518
3 Big Ten	.611	10 Ivy	.498
4 ACC	.597	11 Big Eight	.498
5 SEC	.578	12 Southern	.496
6 AAUW	.573	13 SWC	.455
7 Ohio Valley	.562	14 WCAC	.423

Having long been an Eastern fan, I was a bit disappointed that the Ivy and Yankee conferences fell into the "second division." However, I take heart when I look at our strong independent clubs, which I feel can hold their own with any section in the country.

KENNETH W. PARK

Buffalo

Sirs:

We read with interest your recent article on the 1966-1967 college basketball season and were pleased to see that you learned from your mistakes of last year and deleted any national rankings. But now, perhaps you can concentrate less on depicting "the sun sinking through the Carolina pines, killing the brook November day in Chapel Hill," and start sending scouts out to see what the teams are actually like—and we don't mean UCLA. They have jets into Durham, now, so y'all come see us, hear?

ZAN CARVER
JOHN KILL
HUGH SMITH

Durham, N.C.

● For a report on Duke's performance at UCLA, see p. 42.—E.D.

Sirs:

We think you made a mistake in excluding Virginia Tech from your synopsis of major basketball independents. The Hokies started Duke in an 85-71 upset on Dec. 2, and they gobbled up Purdue 79-63 in a repeat

performance on the next night. Both of these opponents were nationally ranked. In the coming weeks the eyes of the entire nation (with the minor exception of yours) will be watching Tech. We will try to keep you posted, so that when Tech appears in the playoffs you will recognize the name.

ROBERT INSKEEP
A. G. SELINGER JR.

Blacksburg, Va.

Sirs:

It is 10:25 p.m. in New York. I have just finished listening to the Vanderbilt-Western Kentucky game, won by Vanderbilt. I have also just finished reading page 60 of your Dec. 5 issue, which says that Western Kentucky has "a better chance of going through the regular season unbeaten than UCLA." Holy foot in the mouth!

JAMES P. LARKIN

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sirs:

The Mid-American Conference coverage was just excellent. All you wrote about was Bowling Green, Bowling Green and more Bowling Green. After all, Miami is the defending champion, and the Redskins are not going to roll over and play dead.

DICK HOWARD
SANDY WOLFE
ABE SHAR

Dayton

Sirs:

I almost cried. You completely ignored St. Joseph's.

DORLEN MUTH

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Upon microscopic examination, I finally found the name of Providence College's Jimmy Walker in your article on college basketball. Does the finest basketball player in the country deserve such an accolade? Get on the ball, SE—the basketball, I mean.

BILLY LEVIN

Providence

NONHOCKEY

Sirs:

Gary Ronberg's article on the Red Wings' Bryan Watson (*The Bat on Bobby's Back*, Nov. 28) was very informative. But Ronberg was a little too easy on the only hockey player who doesn't play hockey. I am a Black Hawk fan and an admirer of Bobby Hull and I might be a little prejudiced, but hockey is a game of finesse—not fists—and something should be done about Watson.

TOM BROWN

Wheaton, Ill.



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